THE BYSTANDER
VOL. CXVI.—No. 1508

NOVEMBER 9, 1932

The BYSTANDER

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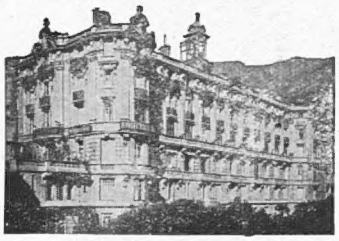

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The BYSTANDER

Peter North

THE LADY BROUGHAM AND VAUX

One of the latest portraits of Lord Brougham and Vaux's lovely wife. Their son and heir was christened last week at St. Margaret's, Westminster, where his father and mother were married a year ago, and was given the names Julian Henry John

Eric Grey

"When I Love, I DO Love!"

An amusing facial exposure of Charlotte Greenwood, the American comédienne who has made a hit in "Wild Violets" at Drury Lane. With a coiffure mindful of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and long legs which would make an acrobat envious and a giraffe surprised, Miss Greenwood combines the grotesquerie of a Nellie Wallace with the burlesque of a Gracie Fields. She knows her stuff—and does it

The Passing Hour

"The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World

Arthur Owen

Mrs. Reginald Sheffield and Her Children

Mrs. Reginald Sheffield, who married Sir Berkeley Sheffield's second son last year, and Serena Mary, their baby daughter. Archie Kidston (left) is Mrs. Sheffield's son by her first marriage to the late Commander Glen Kidston, who was killed flying in Africa

THE most noticeable feature of Mayfair for the past week has been this dreadful rash of "Alice-in-Wonderland" combs which conspire to make all our prettiest lovelies, such as Miss Rose Bingham, Miss Hilary and Miss Pat Charles look like telephone girls. These hideous tortoise-shell hoops over the head neither keep the hair down nor look attractive. It is presumably an effort of the wearers to stop looking sophisticated. But I doubt whether the age of girlishness has returned. One day it may become fashionable again—but not just yet.

MADAME SCHIAPARELLI, the Paris dress-designer, was inveighing bitterly against them the other night. She was also a little sad to see several women at the Savoy in her models, or copies of her models, wearing shoulder sprays of orchids which completely ruined the original line. Young men of Scottish ancestry who are asked by their girl friends why they do not send them flowers, can safely quote Schiaparelli to this effect.

Blue Triangle Bazaar

Lady Grenfell, at her flower-stall at the Y.W.C.A. bazaar last week, which was held at Central Hall, Westminster. Lady Grenfell was a Vice-Chairman

WHAT an extraordinary woman she is! She started five years ago making her own clothes, and to-day employs four hundred girls in her workrooms. It was she who started the military fashions for women, with the rows of buttons and the scarlet cloth bought from the Army contractors. It was she who started the fashion for gold mesh gloves at night. And now she is bringing in another amusing fashion—fantastically wide black gauntlet gloves to wear by day.

Peter North

The Lady Marguerite Bligh

Lady Marguerite Bligh is the Earl of Darnley's only daughter; she will be twenty next year. The present Countess of Darnley is a sister of the late Commander Glen Kidston

LADY DASHWOOD was wearing crimson leather gloves the other evening which were "picked up" by the crimson lacing down the centre of her white frock. Miss Mala Brand was wearing black velvet gloves with leather palms, and a white corduroy coat. They were two of the hundreds of guests at Mrs. Redmond McGrath's dance at Lower Grove, the dismantled manor house up Hampstead way, which she bought and has entirely redecorated.

It was quite one of the best dances to which I have ever been. It was a grown-up affair without any of the simpering sub-débutantes who usually make their first timid appearance in the Little Season. It would have been far too good for them, with the bowls of wild wood strawberries and the largest and greyest kind of caviare, the partridge and pheasant sandwiches, the blue-black figs (I did not see anyone eating them, I must admit), the countless bottles of champagne, and the sit-down supper.

George Robey used to say that anybody who was anybody banks at Cox's. You might say the same about this dance. Mr. Gordon Selfridge sat in the ball-room and watched one of his employees and one of his future employees dancing round—I refer to Miss Jeanne Stourton and Mrs. Zita James, who is going into the Book Department this week. Miss Stourton was saying that people who go to work in a store for a joke will find they have made a mistake. The joke is certainly on them when they have to arrive at 8.30 a.m., after a late night.

Swaebe

Those Busy First-Nighters at the Phœnix Theatr

Miss Marie Tempest and the Marchioness of Headfort at the first night of Frederick Lonsdale's play "Never Come Back"

In the interval at Drury Lane : Miss Pol the opera singer, were among those who sa Herr Robert Stolz, who wrote

Arch during the trouble in Hyde Park. For he was more or less ridden down by the mounted police.

Evelyn Waugh wears an orchid at night. There was a look of black mischief on his face. But in the crowd at Mrs. Redmond McGrath's dance he was probably wise to wear a distinguishing nosegay in case he got lost. Lord Powerscourt, whose boy has just become engaged to the champion woman shot—I refer, of course, to Miss Sheila Beddington—had taken even greater precautions. He was covered with medals and orders.

A Kentish Match

Mr. Kenneth Urquhart and Miss Ruby Nevill, who is a niece of Lady Abergavenny, leaving Holy Trinity, Brompton, after their wedding last week. The homes of both the bride and bridegroom are in Kent

Miss Horlick and Mr. Murrough O'Brien continued to receive congratulations. Everyone had known for months that they were secretly engaged. Miss Horlick is one of the few girls who dresses to her looks, accentuating them, Paris-fashion, instead of trying to look like everybody else. Sir Hugh Smiley, poor fellow, had ceased smiling, the notices for *After Dinner* having gone up. Now his smile is better, since he is engaged to Miss Nancy Beaton, and *After Dinner* has been reprieved.

Sir Robert Throckmorton, "the sleeping Baronet," made a startling confession to me. He suffers from all the misery of acute insomnia and has tried almost everything to induce sleep. It was nearly induced by mistake the other day when he was at the Marble

Westminster Christening

Mrs. Geoffrey Mander arriving at the House of Commons for the christening of her son, which took place in the Crypt. He was given the names, John Geoffrey Grylls. Mr. Geoffrey Mander is Liberal M.P. for Wolverhampton East

Lord Carlow was dancing. There was no danger of his getting lost. Anyway, he knows about eleven different languages. Young people to-day have various gifts. Mr. Randolph Churchill never consults a telephone book. He has nearly all of them in his head. He never forgets one. Lord Birkenhead has a Macaulay-like gift of remembering everything he has read, whether it is verse or prose, if he wants to. Lady Lindsay-Hogg can remember every name she has ever heard, even if it is that of a stranger in a Rome night-club.

At the moment, however, she is reaching a point in *While Parents Sleep* at the Royalty Theatre where the very long run is beginning to tell. After three months it is hard for an actor or actress to prevent themselves from becoming *too* word perfect. And it is at that point where they are liable suddenly to find themselves drying up.

I cannot pretend that I enjoyed the first night of *Wild Violets*, although, like

Sasha

Sasha

Left: A well-known film star and a well-known producer, Miss Nina Vanna and Mr. Eric Hakim, at the Drury Lane first night

Swaebe

And a well-known author, Mr. Beverley Nichols, went to the Phœnix first night

and at Drury Lane

Walker, Mr. R. H. Gillespie, and Miss Josie Fearon, "Wild Violets" in full bloom for the first time. music, himself conducted the first numbers

everyone else, I was enchanted by Miss Charlotte Greenwood. After the show there was a big party for the caste at the Savoy. Forty of them sat down to a table covered with the flowers that gave their name to the show. But everyone looked rather tame, and so large was the caste that a lot of them did not seem to know one another.

SEATED at an adjoining table was Frederick Lonsdale. "I would not miss this party for anything in the world," he said. Certainly it was a very interesting study in psychology. At adjoining tables were Sir Harry MacGowan with two other men, and Sir Courtauld Thomson in a mixed party. Captain Barnato was with his wife, and was suggesting that the only intelligent motor-car tax would be one on the price of the chassis. The present horse-power tax, he said, was entirely crippling our export trade to the Dominions, Colonies, and the rest of the world.

THE Savoy, like Quaglino's, is always full, and an increasing number of young people are dining and supping there. It used to be more of a rendezvous for the middle-aged. But its cabaret, the best in the world, is irresistible. At Quaglino's the other night I was given green vodka. It was set alight and then poured flaming into my borsch. Try it the next time you go there. Quaglino has also introduced roast turkey into his bill of fare now that Christmas is approaching.

The Prince Will Be Present

Mrs. John Darwin, Miss Vera Grenfell, Lady Ursula Horne, Mrs. Carey, Mrs. Leopold Lonsdale, Lady Hare, Mrs. G. Hannay, and Mrs. Reginald Grenfell acting as sandwichmen for the charity performance of "The Return of Raffles" at the Regal on November 20th

Madame Fait Le Sport

Three of the guests at the Women's Automobile and Sports Association dinner at the May Fair Hotel: Lord and Lady Brecknock talking to Lord Decies (right)

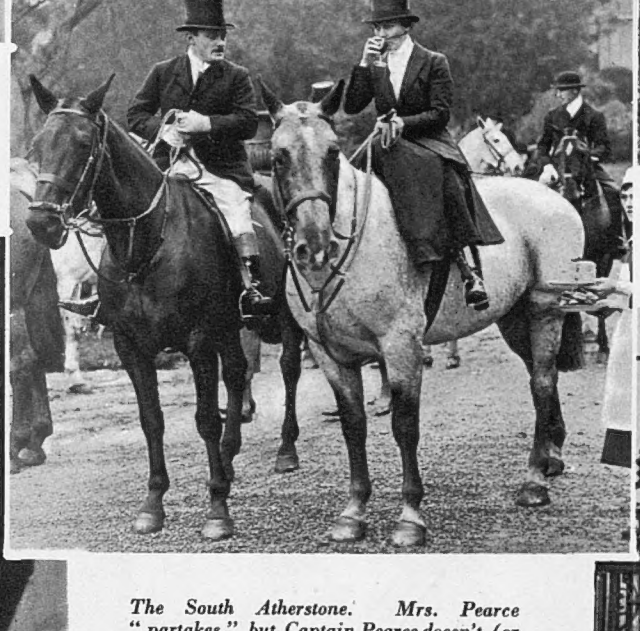
THE other night Prince George was dining there, and I also saw the Duke of Marlborough, Sir John and Lady Lavery, Lord and Lady Carisbrooke, and Mrs. Pop D'Erlanger. The latter has been around a good deal recently. Which reminds me that six young marrieds are secretly making an interesting Christmas present for a mutual friend—chair covers done in petit point. What makes me laugh, though, is that each of them is to sew her initials into the middle of the seat.

ONE must give full marks to our special constables for their admirable traffic-control while the police were busy elsewhere. In their flat caps and great-coats they looked like Inspectors. Congratulations to Lord Tennyson and his merry men.

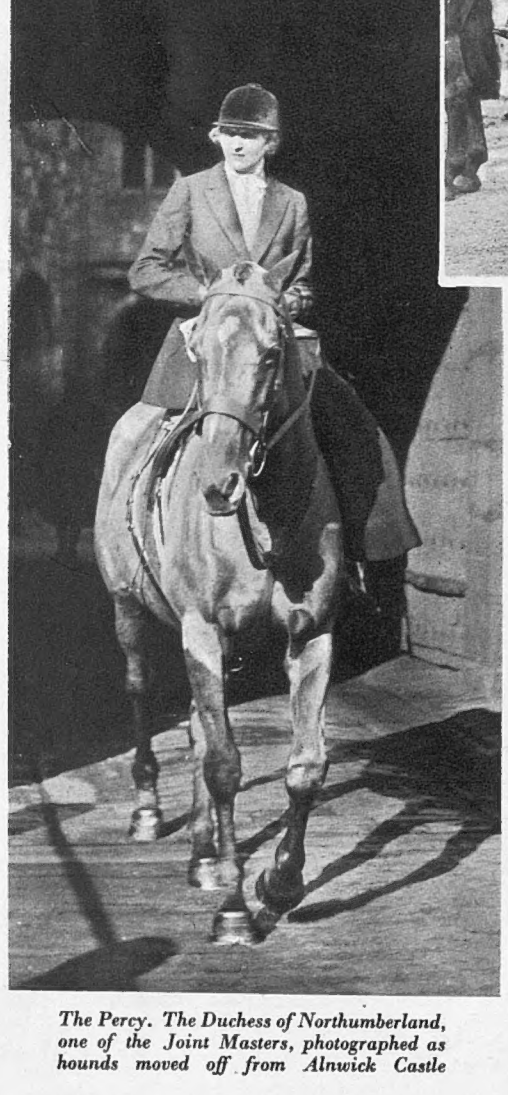
The Percy. Lady Diana and Lady Elizabeth Percy and a friend (left) at the opening meet at Alnwick Castle, the Duchess of Northumberland's home

HUNTING IS

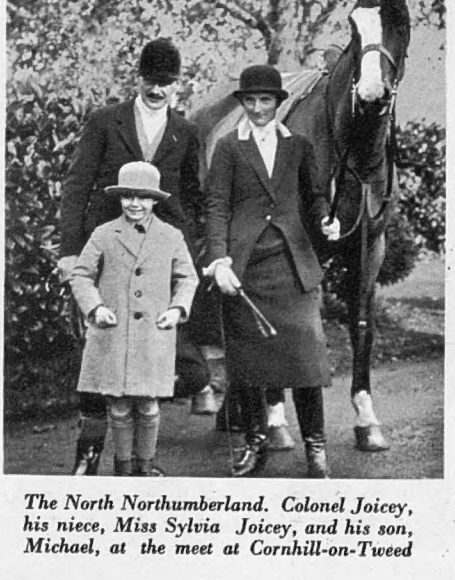
The Whaddon Chase. Hounds and some of the field moving off to draw the first covert after the first meet of the season, which was held at Cublington, near Leighton Buzzard



The South Atherstone. Mrs. Pearce "partakes," but Captain Pearce doesn't (or has he?), at the Newnham Paddox meet



The Percy. The Duchess of Northumberland, one of the Joint Masters, photographed as hounds moved off from Alnwick Castle



The North Northumberland. Colonel Joicey, his niece, Miss Sylvia Joicey, and his son, Michael, at the meet at Cornhill-on-Tweed

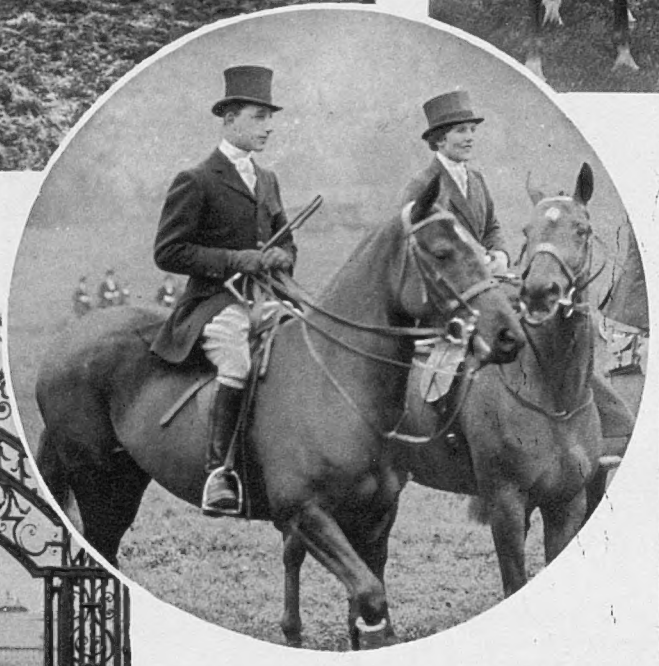
The South Atherstone hounds moving off through of Newnham Paddox, Lord Feilding

HERE AGAIN

Opening Meets

Below : The Cattistock. Lord Stavordale and Mrs. A. H. Higginson, the wife of the Master, at the Kennels, Maiden Newton, near Dorchester, for the opening meet

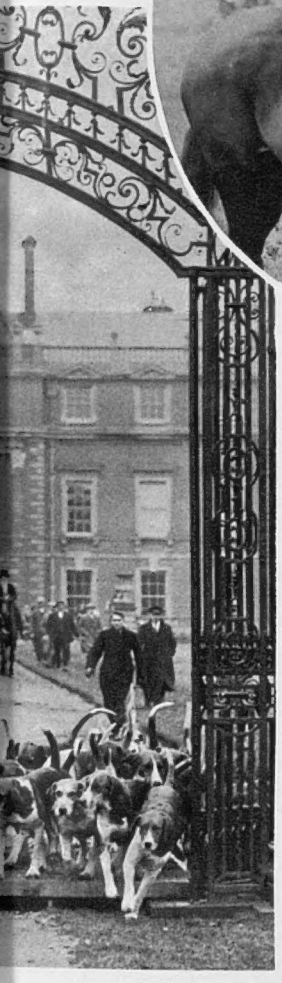
Below : The North Warwickshire. Mr. Guy Jackson and Mrs. J. P. Arkwright, the Joint Masters, at Halton House. Mrs. Arkwright is recovering from a broken leg



The Whaddon Chase. Another photograph at the Cublington meet : The Hon. Mrs. C. Russell and Mr. Raphael

The Hursley. The Joint Masters, Sir G. Ley and Major L. A. Jackson, at the opening meet at Hursley Park, which belongs to Sir George Cooper

The Whaddon Chase. Lord Hugh Percy, the eldest of the Duke of Northumberland's brothers, at Cublington



the beautiful gates Warwickshire home

The Lauderdale. A group at Thirlestane Castle, the Earl of Lauderdale's home : Lady Sylvia Maitland, Lady Mary Egerton, Lady Jane Egerton, Mr. Mitchell, his father, Colonel Mitchell, Lady Lauderdale, Miss Butters, and Miss Riddell Kerr

A Racing Reverie: By "Regular"

"A STRATEGIC withdrawal" was the official description given to any retreat by the Allies during the war.

With Newmarket written on my heart, I accordingly withdrew, the thought of the bomb-shell contained in Monday's post was more than my shattered nerves would stand, so I fell back on Paris.

FELL back, is perhaps hardly the term, as the French Custom's officers, ever slaves to slogans, gave vent to the time-worn, "Thou shalt not pass," seized half my luggage, and nearly made me miss my train for the Gay City.

"GAY City" my hat! but the only alternatives were four incredibly dull days at Worcester and Birmingham, with my bookmaker, whose account lay unopened in my pocket (my nerveless fingers having failed to extract it), eyeing me with disfavour across the rails.

No, I have seldom seen a week's programme which tempted me less, though Portofino, which I was assured was one of Peacock's certainties, duly won. There's no accounting for taste, and some people find Birmingham a packet of fun. After backing four or five losers there, you can, of course, pop off and have a chat with the Bishop—a most entertaining man from all accounts—while, similarly, Worcester has a river running round the course, which you can always jump into when things are going too badly; but no, I went to Paris.

YOU can't keep a good man down for long, and immediately on my arrival in the land of the pourboire I went racing. With my head high and feeling like the Village Blacksmith, "For I owed not any man"—no, not, anyhow, at Auteuil—I produced some francs, made my way to the "Tote" and enjoyed myself immensely.

IT 's always such a comfort to know one's doing the right thing, and imagine my joy on arriving on the course to see that Lord Dumfries was also there. I don't think Lord Dumfries likes racing very much, and his facial expression seemed to denote that he had detected something dead quite close to his nose.

AND how I agree with him! In a certain race I saw enough "dead-meat" to fill a butcher's shop—three "tryers" in a field of twelve is a very poor percentage.

LORD DUMFRIES was, of course, as always, accompanied by his charming wife, whose mother, Lady Granard, is the uncrowned Queen of Paris, owns horses in partnership with Lord Derby, and is altogether very Royal.

LADY GRANARD'S younger daughter, Lady Moira Forbes, was also present. Lady Moira is as delightful as she is attractive, and is tremendously keen on racing and hardly ever misses a meeting.

AT Longchamps, on the closing day of the season, they have a jolly little race over four miles on the flat. I have seen some pretty unedifying spectacles in my time, including bull-fighting, stag-hunting, and coursing, in which unfortunate animals are butchered to make someone's holiday, but this four-mile race in hock-deep going, with the unfortunate horses ridden by French jockeys, who are no judges of pace and have no sort or kind of consideration for the animal under them, made me feel just as sick as did any of the other mentioned inhuman practices.

Left: Having a picnic lunch at the Cambridge University Drag Hunter Trials at Bar Farm, Longstanton: Mrs. Tyler, Mrs. Fleming, Mrs. F. Don, and Mr. Fellows

Cambridge Trio

Another photograph at the Hunter Trials at Bar Farm: Mr. Bobby Baring, Lord Elveden, and Mr. K. L. Urquhart

PEOPLE may say, "If you object to a four-mile flat race, what about the National?" My answer is that the horses engaged in this steeplechase are far more mature, they only go a quarter the pace, and only about a tenth of them finish, and the majority of them do so at their leisure. I agree a close finish in the National, with the horses barely able to crawl, is not a pretty spectacle.

I DISCUSSED this race with the Aga Khan, whose views are always of interest, and he agreed with me that the sooner this four-mile flat race, which serves no useful purpose, is abolished, the better. IT is, however, immensely popular with the natives, who do not consider they've had their money's worth in any event short of two miles if the first four have not had a damned good hiding since the entry of the straight.

IF I were asked whom I considered the busiest racing man, I should promptly reply, "Mr. Jack Clayton," for when he is not racing in England he is racing in Paris, and when he 's not doing either he is working hard in the City, and when he is doing none of these things he is answering the questions put to him by his many followers of both sexes, who think he cannot possibly go wrong.

ANOTHER prominent racing man I had the good fortune to meet was H.H. the Maharajah of Rajpipla, whose horses this year have had the annoying habit of coming in second. "Pip," as he is known to everyone, was on his way to India, which will be very bad news in Mayfair, and will mean that a lot of young men, and women too, for that matter, will be paying for their own champagne for several months to come.

HIS HIGHNESS also races extensively in India, and has this year shipped out some very useful performers. He also bought the Lincoln winner, Jerome Fandor, but, unfortunately, it died at Port Said on the way out, a step I have frequently felt like taking myself in that dreary spot.

I KNOW no man who has done more to cement feelings of friendship between this country and India than this popular Maharajah, and I bracket him with The Aga, Ranji, Duleep, and Pataudi as that country's most successful ambassadors.

On the right are three Albertina Rasch Girls, who appear in the second act of "Wild "Violets," in 1900 dresses of salmon-pink taffeta and black net, and black chiffon hats, trimmed with white birds worn at an angle that not even the most dashing of debs. would dare effect to-day

Below: Teresa Vincent as Mlle. Yvonne Dupres, wearing another creation from the 1900 gallery of fashion, designed by Miss Doris Zinkeisen, who has revived many materials of the period. Their names, merino and the like, seem to belong as much to Jane Austen as to our mothers' young days

Those were the Girls of Yesteryear . . .

—or weren't they?

Frills and Furbelows at Drury Lane

Right: Jean Cadell, as Madam Hoffman, wears a severe-looking cape with a design on it in braid, and an awe-inspiring hat

Left: The Duchess of Portland, who was the President of the Ball, and her party, which included Mary, Countess of Minto, Lady Victor Paget, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Wethered, Mr. Jack Davidson, Major Crankshott, and M. Seymour de Lotbinière

Above: Lady Juliet Duff, who was one of those who took a party to the dance, and Lord Alington, intently studying the "Book of the Words"

Above: Miss Harrison, Mr. Thornton, Miss Angela Brett, Zena Dare's daughter, and Mr. Brian Franks. The dance was organised by Mrs. Norman Freudenthal in aid of the Ivory Cross National Dental Aid Fund

Right: Another supper quartette at Grosvenor House, where the ball was held: Captain and Mrs. Philip Astley and Colonel the Hon. Humphrey and Mrs. Wyndham

Eating their "Charity" Suppers

At the Ivory Cross Ball

Right: Miss Jeanne Stourton (left) and her party, Mr. John Henderson, Miss Pamela Nicholls, and Mr. John Hanbury

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides: By "Big Ben"

MR. LANSBURY startled the House of Commons the week before last by proposing that the Opposition, instead of taking up more time, should take up less. Uncle George is nothing if not revolutionary. We reaped the benefits this last week though, when the Ottawa debates came to a premature end, and Parliament began to discuss the one problem which really means something to the ordinary people to-day.

IN the West-End, unemployment is a carefully hidden skeleton, like the slums. It is fashionable at the moment, however, to greet one's friends with a "How-are-you? I'm absolutely starving, you know." Two or three of my friends have remarked to me lately that they find something indecent in M.P.s dancing and dining at the lighter type of restaurants when things are as bad as they are. Illogical, of course, but a very natural revulsion. The antics of one young gentleman in particular call for special comment.

THE concentrated attack on Montagu Norman shows no signs of abating. Undoubtedly his speech at the Bankers' Dinner was as bad in psychology as it was peculiar in English. After September of last year, his departure within a few months from the Bank was widely prophesied. He remains on, actually more powerful than ever. The real truth is the slump made him indispensable. In prosperous times we could have got on without him. Now we can't.

DR. PAUL EINZIG, a very astute City man, who writes books on financial matters for the likes of you and me, has just written a book on Norman. He lifts a little the veil of the mystery man. I will do my bit to help. Here is a true and new story of him.

A YOUNG boy I know, who collects autographs, wrote to Mr. Norman asking him if he'd oblige, saying that any collection would be incomplete without him, etc. Mr. Norman not only sent back three specimens of his autograph, but wrote quite a long letter in his own hand, pointing out that all the kind things my young friend had said about him were undeserved. This was about a year and a half ago. What are the deductions to be drawn?

IF the affairs of Parliament were shrouded in the mystery with which the bankers surround themselves, should we be more impressed by them? Probably. As a matter of fact, most of the real work of the Government is done already in secret. Cabinet meetings of course, are strictly secret, though at the last election this seems conveniently and fortunately to have been forgotten. Diplomatic negotiations are usually carried on quietly and unnoticeably, and with the most unlikely people. By the way, what is the exact position in the world of affairs of Mr. Mellon's daughter? I wonder if the American Ambassador hasn't at times a very able deputy.

THE Roumanian situation is as complicated as ever it was. The popular papers reaped a profitable harvest, I hope, over the latest developments, but their news was almost delightfully Ruritanian.

THE real power behind the return of Princess Helen is the monarchist society of Europe. They have immense influence, including that of great wealth, first-class brains, and an incomparably efficient organisation.

A. V. Swaebe

Sir Austen and Lady Chamberlain at the first night of "The Bear Dances" at the Garrick; Sir Austen saw himself brought on the stage in effigy by a band of Soviet students at one moment during the play

KING CAROL'S mad amour with the Lupescu will end—and I believe very shortly. I would be prepared to wager that it will also end very suddenly.

THE Spanish monarchists' counter-revolution failed because of the inevitable policy of mañana. Another attempt may succeed, but for the present it is postponed indefinitely.

THE Ambassadors' Club is, I think, very much more than a pleasant rendezvous for luncheon or dinner.

THE announcement of a future divorce case has revived the old controversy—should a Member resign if in any way he is implicated? There is no getting away from the fact that questions may arise later when he may feel he is precluded from taking part. I hope very much the M.P. in the particular case which has lately arisen will not resign.

F. J. Worger

Westminster Wedding

Miss Pamela Peto and her father, Mr. Geoffrey Peto, M.P., for Bilston, leaving their house for St. Margaret's, Westminster, where Miss Peto was married to Mr. Thomas Vincent Vane last week

The young man is obviously fitted for Parliamentary life, and it would be a thousand pities if, on the threshold of his career, the country should lose his services.

THERE are so many Conservatives in the House, and so many of them young men, it is surprising to find how many more there are outside, still striving hard to get in. Evan Morgan comes at once to my mind. Had he fought Limehouse again at the last General Election, he would probably have won it. He did wonderfully well there in 1929. Evan Morgan has plenty of enemies, which is always a good sign. Once he gets started, some people are going to be surprised.

JOHN CHAPMAN-WALKER, who fought Stafford Cripps, should be offered a seat. He has brains and a good appearance, not unimportant with all these women about. Dick Girouard and Colonel Dodge are others for whom surely something might be done?

THE Conservatives don't bother half enough about those who are coming after. I suppose Lord Stonehaven knows what he is up to. But until he makes up his mind on a policy and lets it be generally known, he won't get the money he is so anxious for. And soon he won't be getting the men either.

D

At the Theatre

Never and Always: A Contrast in Come Backs

"Once a Husband"

GERALD is one of those light comedy husbands who, unlike Frederick Lonsdale's sentimental crook, Always come Back. Always, moreover, at the one moment when least wanted and least expected. Four years before Margot Neville and Brett Hay ring up their curtain, Gerald had pushed off to Malaya with a female violinist. Strange as it may seem, the lady meant nothing in Gerald's disrupted life before Tilbury, and even less afterwards. Her fiddling was generously intended for Camilla's sake as an overture to the Divorce Court. Camilla, at twenty-eight, is about to marry Bobbie, a harmless lad of twenty-five, much to the indignation of her Uncle Rupert, a retired Admiral. Gerald, feigning complete ignorance of divorce papers and such-like, turns up with a suit-case and a bright smile in the middle of a dinner party. Beneath his bantering manner the trained playgoer may detect the stern resolve of second conquest and, in due course, the happy ending.

The battle shifts to Sir Rupert's country house, the Admiral being drawn into a minor encounter over his yew trees with one of those hard-bitten country squiresses which Martita Hunt presents with such blunt incision. Gerald slyly conducts his campaign from the local Dog and Duck, where he makes Bobbie drunk, Bunny, the Squiress's daughter and one of the Brighter Young Things, amorous, and Camilla, in consequence, jealous. When the lights conveniently fuse, Bunny is discovered kissing Bobby in mistake for Gerald, which further blackens his prospects with Camilla. Sighting reconciliation on the horizon by the end of Act Two, the Admiral tactfully puts his foot in it by blowing the gaff to Camilla. When she hears that Gerald knew about the divorce and her marriage to Bobbie all the time, she prepares to fly to Paris. There is a delaying action with a farewell telegram chiding Gerald for yet another abrupt departure for lion-less Malaya; but this is merely another bit of naval strategy, and Gerald walks in through the window while Camilla is wilting in the alcove. Seizing that wavering enchantress by the shoulders, after a rude exchange of heart-to-heart salvos, Gerald shakes her into re-submission. What keeps one on terms with these tenuous triflings is the skill and charm of the triflers. Owen Nares and Fay Compton possess, individually, powers of personality and persuasion calculated to turn most shadows into substance. Together, their abundant allure is an enormous asset. Jane Baxter, too, and Robert Andrews figure strongly on the credit side of the balance sheet. But the evening's warmest afterglow is Cyril Maude's return to his old quarter-deck—H.M.S. Haymarket with its ghost and its great ones. The hair is greyer but the old smile and chuckle are as potent as ever. This jaunty Admiral had no business to strike his flag. Long may it fly in the place where it has belonged these many years.

Knocking at the Door

Steffi Duna is one of the most successful and attractive of the Younger Generation in "Words and Music" at the Adelphi. She does more than knock at the door; she steps right in and gets right there

A Star from Paris

Jacqueline Delubac is playing opposite Sacha Guitry in "La Jalousie," Sacha's own play, with which the Guitry season opened on Monday at the Cambridge Theatre, presented by C. B. Cochrane

"Never Come Back"

THE second come-back of the week is Mr. Lonsdale's, and what a happy return it is! Three years is too long to wait for the whip of his wit and the scorpions of his satire. *Never Come Back* is a conversation piece built up of little else but talk and types. "Rotters and Repartee" sums it up in three words. The characters are mainly peculiar parasites or brainless buffoons; but, brilliantly drawn, they possess the saving grace of being gloriously rude to each other.

Rude is a mild word. The mixed bag of guests and hangers-on at the Cannes Villa of the mysterious Mr. John Mortimer hardly ever exchange a civil word. Mr. Lonsdale is a pastmaster of the art of rudery in those circles where potted peers rub shoulders with insinuating crooks. He tilts at cranks and coronets in one continuous tourney of bad manners and good lines. The dialogue is utterly slick in its theatrical awareness: it goes home in a series of digs and upper-cuts. It gets you above or below the belt indiscriminately, breaks down your guard and leaves you weak with ungodly laughter.

And what a cast! Raymond Massey, in a fat and fruitful part as the pocket-picking Smith, man of mystery and master-crook, with plentiful chances to show the cloven hoof of chivalry in crime and sincerity in love. Adrianne Allen, as the nice American girl sentimentally rejected of Smith and driven into the arms of the fleshly Duke of Bristol (Brian Gilmour). Nora Swinburne, chic and charming, as the Duke's bought-off mistress who adds £1500 to her spoils at an amusing poker party, where Smith deals her four aces—this commanding little study is a dazzling blend of irony and "It"; Evelyn Roberts, fuddled and fruity, as her husband, a racing baronet ever ripe for a glass of port. James Carew as Smith's suave partner in crime. Margaret Moffat in a keen-edged vignette of an American social climber tolerated for her lavish presents, but too mean to give her daughter an allowance. Athole Stewart in grand form as an acid, inchoate, doddering peer. Ellis Jeffreys, that brilliant comédienne, as his wife, who has gone young, dances with gigolos and calls him "Baby." Viola Tree as his lumbering daughter, married to a pale peer with a pink-pill passion for other people's ailments (P. Kynaston Reeves, whom you will remember in *Vile Bodies*). And Frank Allenby, slick and confident, who appears like magic from Scotland Yard when Mrs. Social Climber's pearls are stolen, comes within an ace of nabbing Smith, and finally ends up as his guide, philosopher, and fairy godfather. One of the most refreshing detectives who ever cross-examined his suspects without a grain of respect for Debrett. Messrs. Allenby and Massey had a difficult last act to carry when the author changed key from the crook stuff, suspense and all, to the mocking exchanges of the ending. Their immaculate touch did not forsake them. The final volte face was good—the sentimental and repentant crook, having "told her the truth" against the detective's advice, absent-mindedly removing her ring in an anguish of jealous curiosity. How like a man in love, with no end of a past, to torture himself about his beloved—with no past worth mentioning. But hardly like a crook and, therefore, a pleasant twist. This piece is Lonsdale de luxe. Enough said.

TRINCULO.

Suspicion falls on the crook at last: Lord Trench (Athole Stewart), Mary Linkley (Adrianne Allen), Lady Trench (Ellis Jeffreys), Lady Moynton (Nora Swinburne), Detective Rolls (Frank Allenby), Sir John Moynton (Evelyn Roberts), Lady Redwood (Viola Tree), and Smith (Raymond Massey)

Below: Smith shows the diamond necklace which has caused all the trouble to Detective Rolls, who immediately counters with a snappy little creation in bracelets

Sketches by Rouson

The one spot of action in the play, or advanced criminology under difficulties: Smith (Raymond Massey) plants the diamond necklace on the Duke of Bristol (Brian Gilmour)

"Never Come Back," at the Phœnix Theatre

The day being dirty, Oxford kindly wore white shirts so as not to be confused with the London Scottish

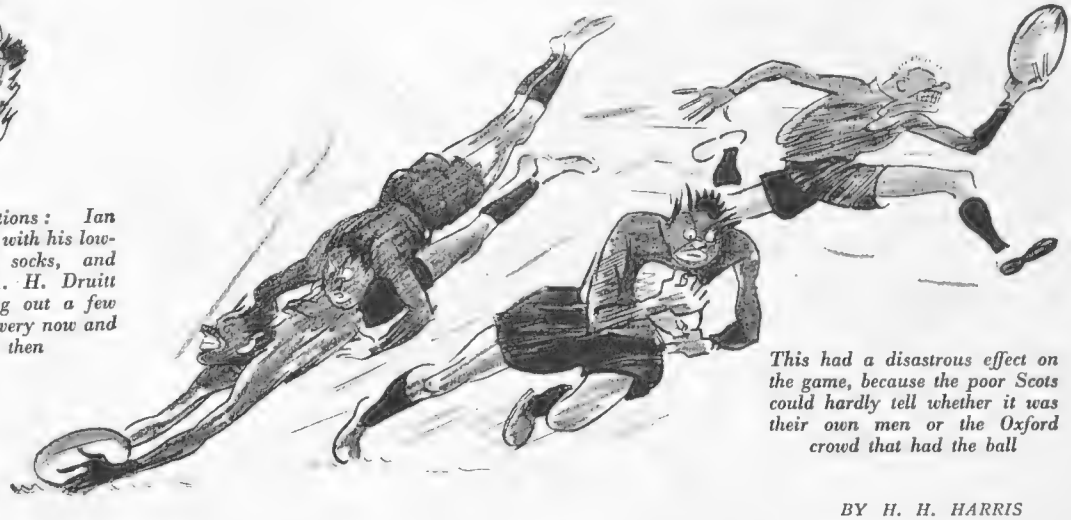
Some of the Oxford team showed signs of having had a hard game a couple of days before

The referee (R. L. Allport) being in a happy - go - lucky, lenient kind of mood—

—just suited the "spoiling" game of the London Scottish; in fact, some of the Oxford lads were almost completely flattened out

However, both sides by now had gained a lot of ground; in fact, it was very difficult to tell t'other from which

Exceptions: Ian Smith with his low-down socks, and W. A. H. Druitt spitting out a few teeth every now and then



This had a disastrous effect on the game, because the poor Scots could hardly tell whether it was their own men or the Oxford crowd that had the ball

BY H. H. HARRIS

Oxford University Defeat the London Scottish by 19 points to 3

The scrum breaks up and Oxford pick up the ball in their match against the London Scottish at Richmond : Oxford University won by 10 points to 3

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

County Matches and the 'Varsities

MUCH against my will, I must confess, for I hate this mid-week county football, I went to see Middlesex play Hampshire at Richmond the other day. The best part of the afternoon was the Athletic ground itself, which has blossomed out into dressing-rooms and tea lounges and every modern convenience. A very pleasant place it is now, but how these modern players are coddled! Why, stap me! I remember, as if it were only yesterday (and, indeed, it was not much longer ago), scraping the mud off in cold water on the unsympathetic and extremely chilly stone floor of the Richmond public baths. And then the walk from the baths to the ground—a dreary pilgrimage it was, though I have not noticed that the standard of play has been improved by the prospect of convenient hot water and efficient showers.

THIS county match, for instance, was a lamentable affair, despite the fact that eleven Internationals and sundry Blues and trial men were playing. The English Selectors were strongly represented on the touch line, but I am afraid they learnt very little. Perhaps they were impressed by A. Key's form at scrum-half for Middlesex, and I must say that Key at his best is just the type of player for the modern game. He is quick and alert; he can break away on his own, and, above all, he throws out an exceptionally long and fast pass from the scrummage. The value of such a pass is obvious, for it gives the stand-off half plenty of time and room in which to initiate the attack, and it goes some way towards defeating the opposing back-row forwards.

KEY has sometimes appeared to sacrifice accuracy to length and pace, but in this game he found R. S. Spong every time, and I have an idea that he will certainly be given a trial for England this year. I very much doubt, though, whether Spong will be his partner, for Spong nullified all his courage and resilience and determination by failing to give his centres any chances in attack. There is no doubt about it, Spong is an amazing player, but his bull-at-a-gate methods are useless in representative football. It was interesting to note how Hampshire dealt with him in the second half, for they purposely left a gap for him, and having thus enticed him away from his centres, they put him down hard.

HAVING beaten Middlesex, it seems likely that Hampshire will qualify for the semi-final round of the championship by heading the south-eastern division, though the possibility does not arouse me to much enthusiasm. This county football is poor, ragged stuff, and I am all against the suggestion that matches in the south-eastern group should be played on Saturday afternoons. I know that everywhere else Saturdays are given up to county games, but it seems to me that the county championship is becoming too important. After all, the old truism that the clubs are the backbone of Rugby football still holds good, and I see no reason whatever why the counties should interfere with club programmes.

THE truth of it is, I suppose, that county football appeals to spectators in the provinces, where local feeling runs high, and it is impossible to blink the unpleasant fact that every year the spectator is being given more say in the development of the game. Personally, I think it would be no bad thing if the county championship were abolished altogether; quite apart from its interference with the clubs, it introduces the competitive element into Rugby football, and nothing could be worse for the game than that. Rugby football was ruined in France by a league system among the clubs; it may not be ruined in England by the county championship, but it will certainly be harmed if the growing importance of the championship is not checked.

I HAVE never seen a good county match yet: exciting ones, perhaps, by reason of close scoring, but never a game which was not spoilt by cautious defence and negative spoiling tactics.

SINCE writing about 'Varsity prospects recently I have had a look at Oxford, and there is no doubt that N. K. Lamport, the Oxford captain, is collecting a formidable side. He will need to improve the tight scrummaging, however, and this should be easy enough, for no University pack should ever scrummage badly. The 'Varsities, in fact, with their opportunities for training and practising, should turn out the best scrummaging packs in the country, though it does require expert knowledge to say exactly why eight forwards fail to produce a concerted shove in the tight.

CAMBRIDGE are fortunate in having Mr. John Daniell to advise them, and during his visit he invariably manages to pull the Cambridge pack together. This scrummaging, mind you, is a complicated business: the front row may be low and light, and the back row may be pushing their weight, but some slight and obscure inefficiency in the second row may lead to comparative failure.

Blackheath were victorious by 18 points to nil in their match against the Old Alleynians at the Rectory Field, Blackheath: An incident of the game, showing C. P. B. Colson, the Blackheath scrum-half, getting away with the ball

OXFORD, apparently, are sticking to the traditional 3-2-3 formation, which is just as well, and doubtless they will soon settle down to effective work. In the meanwhile, the material is there, and I particularly like the look of R. E. Prescott, a powerfully built, fast back-row forward. As a matter of fact, Prescott has the build for a front-row forward, and it would not altogether surprise me to find him packing in the English front row in a year or two's time.

ANOTHER player of parts in the Oxford side is H. D. B. Lorraine, a centre from Glenalmond, and a strong, resolute runner who reminds me, both in physique and method, of D. W. Burland. He is not as big as Burland, but he is uncommonly thickset, and I should like to wager that he will go very near the Scottish side this winter.

FINALLY, my remarks on place-kicking in a recent issue have brought me a most interesting letter from a reader in Belfast. Unfortunately, with my usual carelessness, I have temporarily mislaid it, but it will turn up again and be duly answered. May I, for the time being, take this opportunity of thanking my correspondent for his trouble and his constructive suggestions?

E

Hors d'Oeuvres:

By "Caviare"

Seeing "Words and Music" at midnight: Lady Inverclyde and Mr. Randolph Churchill at the Adelphi Theatre. More pictures are on pages 269 and 272

Another photograph at the Adelphi Midnight Matinée, which was one of the events of last week: Lord Inverclyde and Miss Hilary Charles

PRINCESS HELEN OF ROUMANIA and her sister, Princess Irene of Greece, are fond of the tailor-made coat and skirt—no, not "costume," as one of our written-up young Mayfairers with a hairy heel will persist in saying. Except for tweeds, the tailored coat and skirt are seldom seen. Do you remember what fun frilly and lacy blouses were?

SO few women know how to sit well in short skirts, and never gracefully. Why aren't they taught? Quite a lot of people would have been improved by a lesson or two in deportment.

NO, I don't like the Alice-in-Wonderland comb on Miss Sonia Converse or on Lady Sibell Lygon: their hair is too straight. Mrs. Vivian Cornelius looks lovely in her real diamond one (oh, these lucky people!), and Miss Billie Schofield's fair waves look very nice with a pink ribbon entwined.

TALKING of entwined, what about a fair cheek and a dark? The question is: will diamonds grow well on a production of the Emerald Isle?

OF the "lovelies" who are neither in the ex-débutante class nor the young-marrieds, Miss Gladys Sammut stands out as attractive. I like her quiet voice and gentle manner. Miss Audrey Simpson looks a little pinched; you know what I mean—rather thin-cheeked and not very happy.

HOW do people get a Press label which is wrong, and have it used continually? Here are some which I think incorrect—"Pretty Mrs. Violet Hirsch": she is good-looking, but not pretty. "The smartest woman in London—Mrs. Cecil Pim": smart, but not quite the smartest. "Beautiful Viscountess Hastings": I don't agree. "Witty Mr. Hamish Erskine"!!!: well, put it to the vote!

CORRECT ones are—
"Best-dressed racing woman": Lady Chesham.
"Attractive": Lady Bridget Parsons.
"Sleepy": Sir Robert Throckmorton.
"Hail-fellow-well-met: Mr. "Eddie" Tatham.

SOME truths for the week—
Mrs. Redmond McGrath is undoubtedly one of the best hostesses in London. Lady Londonderry is a very clever woman. The Duchess of Sutherland is looking more attractive "than ever" and "than usual." Mrs. Claude Leigh's black velvet and green ostrich feather dress, so much written-up, is striking, but not attractive or becoming.

WHY is a small, fair-haired one so very angry with the young man with a yacht who belonged (or is it still "belongs"?) to her lovely golden-haired friend?

WILL a libel case really eventuate between two once close friends? Surely there must be some spark of humour in that blonde head?

WHY has "such a nice boy" been taken up by a Viscountess? From her point of view, he will only be n—ice.

FOR foreign visitors to London, I give the following table—
For the best food and for snobby reasons, go to Quaglino's.
For the best crowd and ditto ditto, the Café de Paris.
For cosmopolitans, go to the Savoy.
For Thursday night, go to the Embassy.

THE COUNTESS OF WINCHILSEA AND NOTTINGHAM (what a mouthful!) has a beautifully shaped nose, but a rather heavy chin characteristic of so many Americans; she is rather frightening to meet unless you are very important, and London sees very little of her.

OH! Jeanne Stuart—how attractive you are!
Oh! I like Lady Doria Childe's profile!
Oh! How good-looking Mr. David Margesson is!
Oh! Francis Doble!

ONE Ruthven twin is smarter and better-looking than the other. What are we going to do about it? It is Alison Barran; she is really most attractive to look at these days, with her short, sun-kissed hair.

I MUST include the Marquis and Marchioness of Waterford in my collection of happy couples. I wish we saw more of them. One of the happiest couples I know is Mr. and Mrs. Philip Kindersley. I'm not surprised, as he is a most sensible young man, and she is a darling.

MRS. ZITA JAMES is very wistful-looking. I always want to protect her and cheer her up. I'm not sure that sad eyes are not a very feminine weapon. She is very pretty, so Selfridge's will be a kind of beauty parade at Christmas with Jeanne Stourton and Betty Fletcher-Mossop also in the store.

A CERTAIN young politician talks too much and dangerously.

SOCIAL items—
"The King of Pourville is in London."
"The King of Le Touquet has a new story."
"The King of Hearts has a new scalp."

LADY AINSWORTH is good-looking and can wear a hat well over the eye, as the milliner says; so can Isobel Jeans—how divinely attractive she is! Lady Buchanan-Jardine, like Mr. Winston Churchill, is making her character over hats. Is that quite wise?

Brighter Oxford

The 'Varsity Drag's Hunter Trials

Above are Mr. Peter Oldfield, and his sister, Miss Oldfield. Mr. Oldfield is the Master of the Oxford University Draghounds

Left: Lady Helen Primrose, Lady Susan Egerton, Miss Diana Lambton and Lady Joan Villiers at the Draghound Hunter Trials, which were held at Middleton Stoney, near Bicester

Below: Two competitors sitting on the fence to watch one of the events in the Hunter Trials: Lady Mary St. Clair-Erskine and Mrs. Philip Dunne

Left: The Hon. Peter Samuel, Lord Bearsted's second son, one of the new Whips; centre, Lord Hopetoun, Lord Linlithgow's eldest son, and right, Lord George Montagu-Douglas-Scott

Charity Dancers

The Infants' Hospital Ball at Covent Garden

Above: Five of those who helped to make the ball the success it was: Lady Bingham, Sir Gomer Berry, who took tickets for a big party, Lady Lisbourne, Lady Berry, and Lady Burnham

Right: Lady Jersey and Mr. T. Waddington at the Royal Opera House. The dance was held under the patronage of H.R.H. the Princess Royal, who is the President of the Infants' Hospital

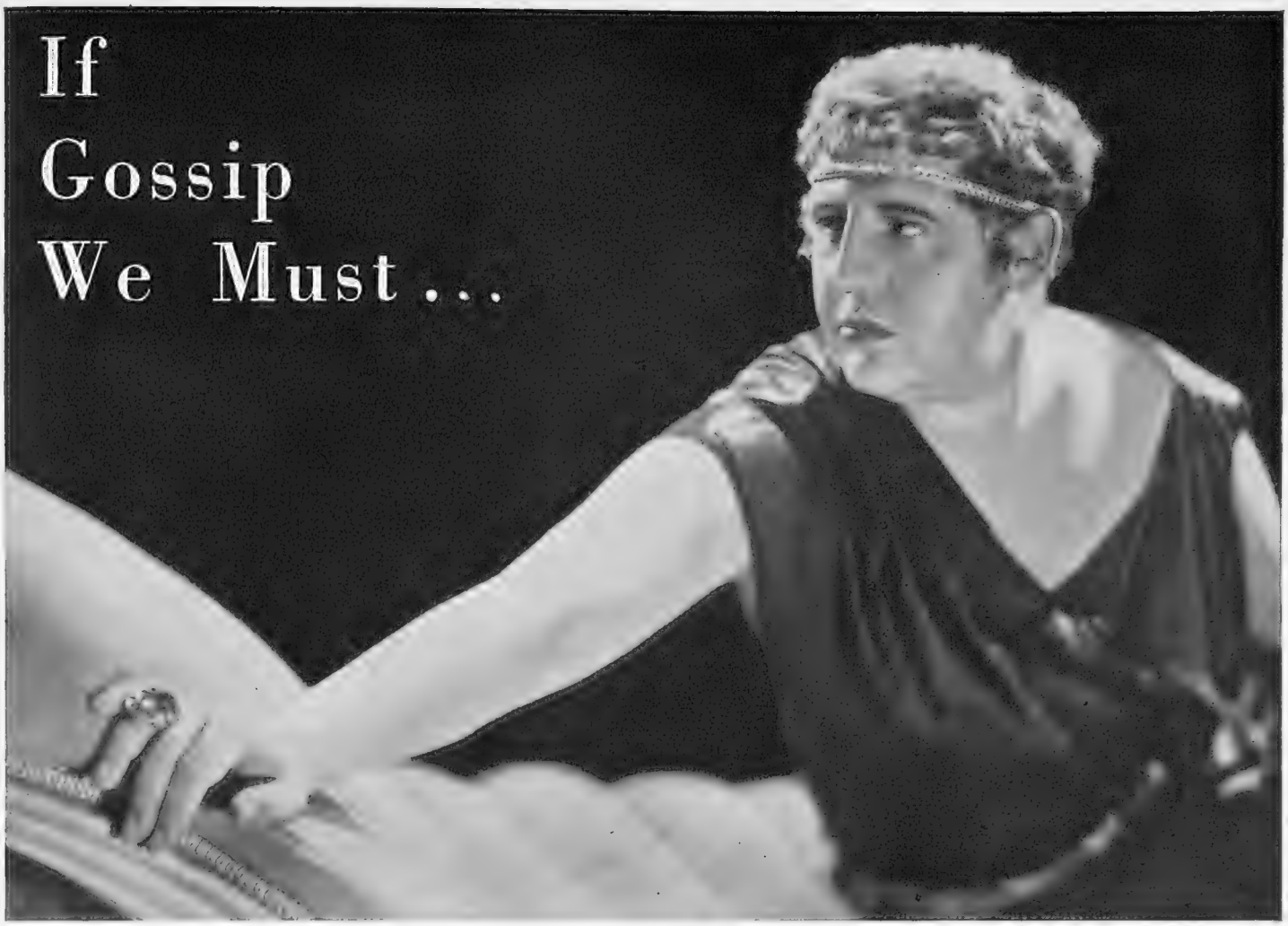
The Hon. John Hare and the Hon. Sheila Berry. Lord and Lady Camrose, Miss Berry's father and mother, were among those who entertained for the dance

Above: Mr. and Mrs. Ivor Nicholson, Captain and Mrs. Leslie Gamage, and Mrs. Maurice Dreyfus. Mrs. Leslie Gamage was the Chairman of the Ladies' Appeal Committee, and did most of the extremely good organising for the ball

Right: Another party at supper at Covent Garden: Mrs. Bonham-Carter, Mrs. Thomas Hutchinson, Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, the Hon. Mrs. John Bethell, and the Hon. John Bethell

Photos by A. V. Swaebe

If Gossip We Must . . .



A Hollywood Ancient Roman from England

Charles Laughton, as he appears in "The Sign of the Cross," Cecil B. de Mille's gigantic film. Anyone who has seen Charles Laughton as a modern crook or a modern detective will find it hard to think of him as an Ancient Roman, but, such is the quality of his acting, it is probable that we shall be able to think of him as nothing else after this film has arrived in London

LONDON was ever a city of contrasts. The fact that the noble army of marchers hunger-marched into it in a week when the so-called Little Season had really started to get into its stride furnished not only a contrast, but an opportunity to the heedless-of-their-doom-the-little-victims-play school to ululate in familiar fashion.

No one but a selfish imbecile would be unsympathetic towards those who see that there is something wrong with a world in which some people, figuratively, have too much to eat and others, literally, have not enough.

But if ever there were a gang of people who were obviously not hungry it was the hunger-marchers. They had been well-cared for on the road, by well-meaning and ill-meaning alike, and they are welcome to such compensation for having been duped.

The real distress is not with the marchers, but those they claim to represent.

I DID not see Mr. Wal Hannington, the organiser of this and many other Communist jamborees, among the notabilities present at Mr. Frederick Lonsdale's première.

The fun at the Phœnix came as a sort of epilogue to the Battle of Marble Arch. It was good to see a real entertainment again at this beautiful theatre, where of late the fare provided has been rather less amusing than the daily routine within the offices of the Phœnix Insurance Company.

"Do you believe in fairies, General?"

But the characters in *Never Come Back* could almost persuade me that Mr. Hannington has a case. What a crew! The author knows 'em and sketches 'em with vitriolic exactitude. Having in him no trace of snobbery, either straightforward or inverted, but an impish humour and consummate stage-craft instead, Freddy Lonsdale can trot out a series of portraits or semi-portraits of appalling people and can assemble the most fashionable audience in the world for the job of spotting the originals.

It is something to be able to do this without becoming either brain-conscious or charm-conscious. Lonsdale was never anything of the sort, even in the days when he was of the age of our present crop of Brilliant Young Geniuses. You do not see him in a box at his own first-nights receiving with easy grace the plaudits of the multitude.

Yet I did see him after Act I. in a neighbouring hostelry (a *cliché*, but it sounds better) where the Bacchanalian atmosphere

SONGS OF SPORTSMEN

No. 14—The Billiards Player

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling's "Screw-Guns")

STANDIN' beside the green table, hopin' I don't prove a fool,
You 'll see me most every evenin', playin' "Slosh," Snooker or Pool.
With seventy points up agin' me, I 'm filled with the deepest regrets
That I 'm never quite able to master them Screw-strokes, he blanketty pests—Tut, tut.
For you all love the Screw-strokes—though Screw-strokes don't all love you;
And though you can manage a few strokes, the Screw-strokes are hard to do hoo-hoo!
Still, take up your cue and attempt 'em—though it 's chronic the way the ball runs:
But as soon as you sees it goes just as you please,
You 'll be one of the Billiards Big-Guns.

Opponents are laughin' around me, my partner 's a-moanin' so low,
For it seems that the strokes I 'm attemptin' are turnin' out simply no-go.
I 've just cut the cloth in my flurry—I shall have to pay dear for that stroke—
Still, I 've got to keep keepin' on tryin', though my efforts are provin' no joke. Tut! Tut!

Still, you keep tryin' Screw-strokes, though the Screw-strokes they mostly try you,
For though you can manage a few strokes, the Screw-strokes they 'll surely beat you. Boo! Hoo!
But keep up your 'eart, don't surrender—just notice the way the ball runs.
Then, quite at your ease, you 'll make strokes as you please,
And soon count as the chief of big guns!

B. W.

was of a different type from that of those ducal cocktails in a villa at Cannes.

JAMES GUNN, the most rising of all the rising portrait-painters, has returned from France, the picture of Delius now being complete. I hear that it was a difficult job and that to get certain effects he had to lie down on the floor, palette and all.

The other night I saw him do a crayon portrait of Delius in three minutes; the gathering was a joyous and Bohemian one, but he was not lying on the floor, nor was anyone else at that stage.

Not to be outdone in the art-cum-musical line, George Whitelaw promptly followed this up with a portrait of the Wizard of Bayreuth, inscribing it "Wot abaht me? Dick Wagner." Whereupon Tom Purvis, the poster-artist, butted in with a lightning drawing of the gloomiest brow in history, represented as exclaiming, "Why leave me out? Lew Beethoven."

TALKING of matters musical, the most electric figure at C. R. W. Nevinson's small-and-early cocktail party was Mark Hambourg, who is off soon to play Beethoven in India, Singapore, Java, Hong-Kong and other places where "mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the midday sun."

Mark, who is an epicure in other things than music, told me of a wondrous dinner he had had the previous night, at which the menu consisted of—Avocado Pear salad; Crab and Lobster soaked with Brandy and Crème de Menthe; Roast Sucking Pig; Hot Sardines, stuffed with fresh limes and cooked in rum.

His host was his doctor, whom, did I not know for the best fellow in the world, I would have suspected of nefarious designs.

MR. O. O. MACINTYRE, who is an American "columnist," is all excited about the Folies Bergère and other Paris music-halls where they produce revues remarkable alike for their lack of wit and their lack of clothes on the female form more or less divine. He draws an affecting picture of decent Anglo-Saxon sons being taken to such exhibitions by their decent grey-haired mothers and of the embarrassment that ensues.

During the war, I remember, the proximity of the ladies of Leicester Square to the clean-souled "doughboys" of the American Army was deprecated in similar strains by another New York publicist, one Bok. The late T. W. H. Crosland, however, lost no time in blowing the froth off that particular Bok.

AS long as English and American visitors to Paris continue to visit these shows, Mr. MacIntyre had better keep his breath to cool his porridge; for so long will they be produced.

But with his complaints about the extortionate prices I fully agree, particularly with the point concerning the vulpine old women who demand tips for doing nothing at all, and who grow abusive when such tips are not forthcoming.

As for the moral danger in this nonsense, the nudity is calculated to do no more harm than the display of plump-thighed turkeys outside a poulterer's shop at Christmas-time which it so closely resembles.

WITH more eagerness shall I welcome from America the forthcoming exhibition in London of the drawings of Peter Arno, which have delighted me for some time past in the pages of the *New Yorker*.

Owen Nares and Carol Goodner, having Bride," the mildly sentimental co

Film Lovers

Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor, at the moment about the most popular pair of screen lovers, are going the rounds in "Her First Year," which has been generally released. They are now working on "Tess of the Storm Country," a new Fox picture

Worried Look

too good a moment, in a scene from "There Goes the film which came to the New Gallery last week

John Everard

Left: An authoress-to-be is Princess Paul Troubetskoy, for she has a book being published shortly; Mayfair thinks there may be some portraits of itself therein. Princess Paul Troubetskoy's husband is the famous sculptor

Some of these are strong meat for babes, but invariably they are funny. I hear that Mr. Arno himself will be on view. As the creator of the gentleman in pyjamas who on his wedding morning was besought to "wake up," I should like to introduce him to Dr. Adrian Boult.

I feel that in some previous existence the two must have met.

THE old snobbery about the serving of beer in certain expensive restaurants continues.

In one I wot of draught beer is obtainable only after one has kicked up such a deuce of a hullabaloo that brandy-and-soda is required for repairing the shattered nerves. When the beer does come, it is smuggled surreptitiously, covered by a table-napkin, beneath the arm of a waiter, having been decanted (the beer, not the waiter) into a claret-cup jug.

This decanting of beer is positively indecent. At the Turf Club they decant whiskey-and-soda, ready mixed. It looks quaint, but it is a custom of the place. Besides, the Turf Club does not need to be snobbish and may be regarded as a law unto itself.

But why should honest beer be disguised?

C. B. COCHRAN'S latest book, *I Had Almost Forgotten*, is well up to the standard of his *Secrets of a Showman*, published a few years ago, and with the eulogies of A. P. Herbert's brilliant Foreword few people, if any, will be found to disagree.

The book is full of good stories and interesting reminiscences. There is comment as well, and pretty pointed comment at times. The author's recent production of *Helen*, for instance, at the Adelphi did not run as long as was anticipated.

This is what C. B. C. has to say about it: "For the drop in the receipts after a magnificent start I blame the players—not all of them, but I am afraid the law of libel restrains me from citing individual cases. After the first few weeks I was compelled constantly to complain of the slackness of the performances . . . of some of the more prominent artists.

"It amazes me that so many actors and actresses receiving high salaries fail to realise the responsibility they carry on their shoulders." That should set a fair number of people at cap-fitting.

L.N.A.

At the "Words and Music" Midnight Matinée at the Adelphi: Miss Peggy Wood, Miss Eva Moore, and Mr. Norman Edwards met the camera together

L.N.A.

Miss Frances Day and Mr. Drawbell were two more of the brilliant social and theatrical audience at the Adelphi Midnight Matinée

SIR CHARLES HERNE-SOAME, Bt., is working for £2 10s. a week. He declares that his title is no asset in his present state of impecuniosity, rather, indeed, an encumbrance, and that he would gladly give it up.

Such is the contrariness of things. Some men would give (and do) thousands of pounds to become a real baronet, while here we have a real baronet who has absolutely no use for the job.

But perhaps if Sir Charles Herne-Soame were to join the staff of a Sunday paper he might Herne Soame more money and live as befits his station.

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

On Being Put Off

"This is the You-Know-All-Through-Us Service speaking. This is coming straight from the lips of Hiram H. Hollyhocks. The fifth hole has just been played by the Britisher, Gerald Fitzgerald, and the American, Con Necticut. Con hit good drive, good second, two putts, four. Fitz good drive, good second, three putts, five."

Gerald Fitzgerald looks pathetically at Hiram H. Hollyhocks, who is sitting well within view and earshot of the sixth tee. Fitzgerald is about to address the ball for his drive. Hiram H. Hollyhocks continues, unabashed. Fitzgerald looks at Hiram direct and asks him to cease fire while he plays his shot. Hiram still busy with his verbal torrent, signifies that he cannot be interrupted. Fitz turns to the referee and asks if Hiram can be suppressed, but the referee, shrugging his shoulders, remarks quite truly that an American Pressman is beyond suppression. Fitzgerald must, therefore, play his shot in spite of what he may hear of his doings at the previous hole.

Now all of us have been put off from time to time by various things extraneous to the game of golf, such as dogs, babies in perambulators, or a sudden totally unexpected outburst of feminine verbiage, but it is not often that a golfer playing in a championship suffers from so disturbing a feature as a telephone on every tee, from which a Pressman, in no uncertain voice, tells the story of the lapse at the last hole. I make free to say that even if the last hole had been an eagle three, I, personally, would have preferred not to hear about it when addressing my ball for the start of the next, and I want to impress upon my readers that the first paragraph of this article is as nearly as possible a statement of fact. It sounds, I will agree, quite preposterous, but to our British minds, all foreigners are apt to do preposterous things, and in America they actually tolerate just such a performance as I have described. In reality, during the Walker Cup Match, it was only at every third hole that any suffering was caused in this manner; but during the qualifying rounds for the American Amateur Championship, these telephones were installed at every tee, and the great public was kept up-to-date the whole time, an awareness, however, which, although probably more than satisfying to the public itself, was anything but charitable to the players.

It is not to bemoan, however, those things which we in England may think odd that I am writing this article: it is merely to warn those who play in competitive golf in America of the sort of thing against which they may find themselves forced to wage war.

The whole question of being put off at golf is a curious one and worthy of examination: so many different things disturb so many different people. We all know the old story of the inferior golfer who challenged his superior to a round on the links on level terms, on the understanding, however, that he should be allowed to make three unexpected noises at any moment during the round. The result of this match was that the inferior golfer won very comfortably a long way from home, without ever having used a single "poof," for the superior golfer was anxiously awaiting a "poof" at every shot, and, not surprisingly, utterly failed to do himself justice.

But there is a very different side to the matter than this of deliberate interference. Personally, I must confess to a peculiar weakness about golf . . . and that is this: I don't mind how many babies and perambulators are wheeled just across the line of play when I wish to take a shot; I don't mind how much people talk; frankly, in a hard match I am far too excited to hear them. But I simply cannot stand a dog anywhere near me on a golf-course. I agree that it is stupid to allow oneself to be so influenced that even the presence of the best-trained dog in the world will make one fail to do oneself justice, but I simply cannot help it. I myself own a dog which I claim unblushingly to be one of the best-trained in the world, and I know perfectly well that I can take him out on to a golf-course at any time, motion to him with my hand when I want to play a shot, and he will immediately lie down and stay down until I tell him to move again. He therefore provided a very good test for me to see whether, even though I had perfect confidence in the dog, I still would be put off by his presence; and there is no concealing the fact that when I have taken him out on week days to some entirely solitary course, even then I have been unable to play properly. It is the same mental process as that of the gentleman who is always waiting for the "poof." I am always waiting for the dog to move.

Certain forms of outside interference with one's play are, of course, a matter of inexperience and as such can be overcome. But the first time any man plays golf before a crowd he is bound to be nervous, and the inevitable result is that he will swing just twice as fast as usual, with ruinous consequences to his game. But, for a man who feels in this way, it is only necessary that he should accustom himself to the circumstances by playing whenever possible before large crowds. A crowded first tee at a club is as good a cure for this as any that I know.

Another form of mental disturbance—from which, however, it is far more difficult to recover—is that of the inevitable reaction should a hole, apparently well won, suddenly be lost, whether it be by a great retrieving stroke on the part of the opponent, or by such a tragedy as a lifted head followed by three putts. But this again, I am sure, is a matter of self-training and is one of those things from which the really good golfer should never suffer.

Is it too much to suggest that perhaps it was for this very reason that we put ourselves in such a serious position, a position from which we could not recover, in the recent Walker Cup Match? Certain of those who represented us were very young and consequently inevitably inexperienced, since we run few important competitions over here; others had not taken part in competitive play for many months. It is an indisputable fact that it was in the first nine holes of the foursomes that the Walker Cup was lost to us this year, and I am forced to face the fact that it is by no means improbable that it was sheer nerve tension that caused this débâcle in the first nine holes . . . for it is noticeable that thence onwards our men more than held their own.

That, and possibly the unexpectedness of the courteous little ways of Hiram H. Hollyhocks.

Below: the Hon. W. Brownlow and E. F. Storey, both of Addington, who were defeated in the first round at the nineteenth hole by Ralph Cobbold and the Hon. D. Brand

Below: H. C. Longhurst (Bedfordshire) and Eric Martin Smith (Royal St. George's) who took the winners, Chambers and Braddon, to the 19th in the first round

Photographs by Bertram Eary

The Golf Balls of Stoke

The Hon. D. Brand (Royal St. George's) and Ralph Cobbold (Sunningdale) were defeated in the 2nd round by E. H. Chambers and K. V. Braddon, both of Beaconsfield

A. D. Cave (centre) talking to H. H. Hodges and C. Shankland (Stoke Poges) who fell in the third round to Chambers and Braddon, the winners of the tournament, by 2 and 1

Allez—Hup! Allez—Hup!!

Ivy St. Helier is one of the most brilliant comédiennes and character-actresses on the stage, and, like all true artists of this genre, she can at any moment reduce the laughter of her delighted audience to something near tears, as she did in *Bitter-Sweet*, when she proved that her straight acting is as good as her comedy. In *Words and Music*, she and Noel Coward again give London some moments of perfect amusement

On the left, as the Governor's Wife, she sees and shares with us a lot of very good jokes about her dignified position

On the right, as the Wife of an Acrobat, she sings a comic song which has more than a hint of pathos mixed with its humour

Photographs by Helen Macgregor

Above: The Oldest Postmistress in Britain gives a few impressions to the Press, but can't imagine why they are interested

And lastly, on the left, is Ivy St. Helier as she appears as the Old Lady in the Ballet of the Boarding-House

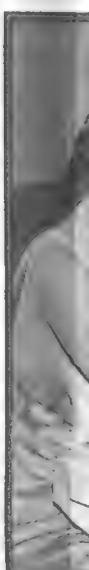
Called to the Bar

At the Midnight Matinée of "Words and Music": Lord Dudley, Miss Gertrude Lawrence, Mr. Aldao and Miss Bunting Stephenson foregather in the bar of the Adelphi Theatre

Left: Tw
the twins,
The Hon.
Hon. Mrs.

At Quaglino's: Miss Margaret Whigham, all in her ostrich feathers, sandals and long ear-rings, comes out to see Sir Robert Throckmorton, who isn't in evening dress, and can't go in, in spite of his black hat

Mrs. Vyvyan Drury and the Hon. Mrs. Cunningham Reid collect their coats and start for home, but the camera meets them on the way



Midnight—and After

The Camera Keeps Late Hours

Two Ruthven sisters, but not wins, sitting together at supper: Hon. Jean Hore-Ruthven and the Mrs. John Barran at Quaglino's

Top centre: Acting as programme-sellers at the "Words and Music" Midnight Matinée: Angela Baddeley, Phyllis Neilson-Terry, Heather Thatcher, Jessie Winter and Elizabeth Pollock

Left: Mr. Dudley Delavigne and Miss Rose Bingham talking to Mr. C. B. Cochran at the Adelphi midnight show, which was in aid of the Actors' Benevolent Fund

Below: The Marquis de Paravicini and Miss Riddle at a well-known Bury Street restaurant. No prizes offered for guessing; it's too easy

Above: Lord Pembroke and Miss Enid Raphael, whose organdie-frill short sleeves are amusing and attractive, sit and talk after having supper together

Cup of Tea for the Mayor

A "breakfast" scene at Quag's: Lady Cecil Douglas hands the Mayor of Deal a cup of tea. Other members of the party (eating kippers) are Major Weigall, Mrs. Edgeworth, Lord Cecil Douglas, and Miss Martin

Left: Mr. Angus Malcolm and Miss Jeanne Stourton. How soon after midnight does the thought of being at Selfridges so early begin to weigh on Miss Stourton? Or doesn't it?

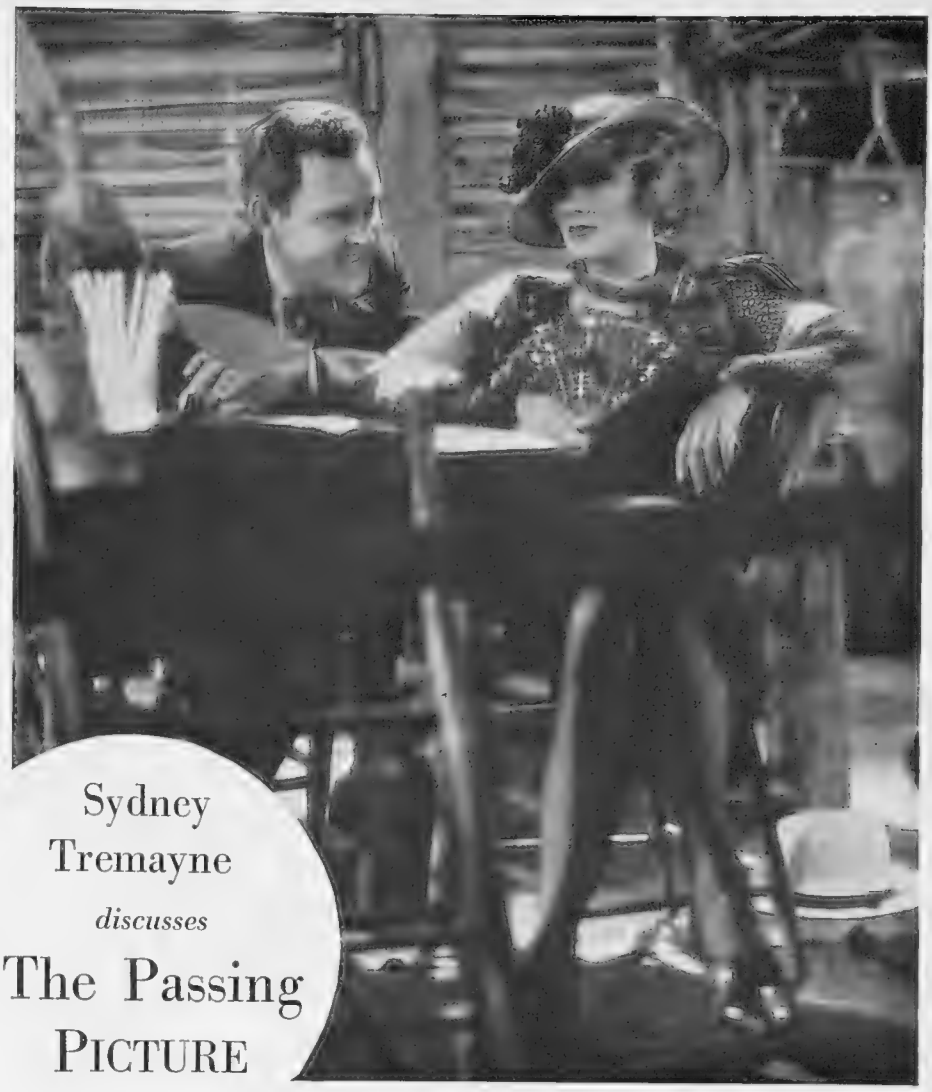
Dancing in the Crowd

Left: Lord and Lady Melchett move round together on that almost invisible space known as the dancing floor. Lord Melchett's book on economics, "Modern Money," has just been published

PERSONALITIES IN PLASTICINE

No. 1: Wallace Beery

Modelled and Designed by Zec



Sydney Tremayne

discusses

The Passing PICTURE SHOW

The Foreign Pervasion

"Blonde Venus"

Marlene Dietrich and Robert Emmett O'Connor in a scene from the new Paramount film at the Plaza. The director is von Sternberg, and Marlene has Herbert Marshall and Cary Grant to play off against each other, but, in spite of all this, it's not as good as you'd expect with such good material

THE predominance of Continental films and players in London cinemas, and the fact that they have drawn large and appreciative general audiences, call for comment. Provocative as it may be to the patriotic, the fact that an increasingly fastidious public turns from the satiation of American sex-appeal to Continental productions is because they are technically superior and have greater sincerity and spontaneity than the stale and repetitive British screen versions of stage plays.

"THE BLUE LIGHT," which opens a new "Continental Season" at the Rialto, is more than a film: it is a screen poem with rhythm, beauty, and emotional appeal, surpassing that of any picture shown in this country.

I have little doubt that it is a tentative offering, and that Universal's representatives were only persuaded to show it at the Rialto, first, by the unforeseen success of their last series of foreign films, and, secondly, by the plaudits *The Blue Light* has won abroad. Their announcement of this film, which Leni Riefenstahl of *Pitz Palu* fame wrote, directed, and in which she plays the principal part, was almost reticent compared with the excitable descriptions they send out about the many countries and peoples represented by sets and casts in Universal City. In consequence, *The Blue Light* has had a comparatively insignificant Press, but I believe that, if the public discovers this picture, it will have a phenomenal success.

As the technique is purely pictorial, and the few passages of dialogue necessary for the understanding of the story are imposed in English at the foot of the screen, linguistic limitations need not interfere with enjoyment of the picture.

In her little speech in broken English on the opening night, Leni Riefenstahl explained that she had wanted to show the point of view of a woman. *The Blue Light* does more than that: it shows the heart and mind of a great filmic artist. The story is simple enough. When the full moon shines into a cave of crystals on the heights of one of the jewel-like Dolomite Mountains, a brilliant blue light shines forth which fascinates and lures the adventurous youths living in the village at the foot of the mountain. One after another they lose their lives climbing the sheer rocks which lead to the light. So that the villagers look on it with superstitious dread and shut their doors and shutters when the blue light appears.

An almost wild shepherd girl, who lives in the mountains, has found a way to reach the crystal cave in safety, and goes there to bathe in the wonderful, moonlit radiance which awakes a worshipful awe in her simple, beauty-loving soul. The villagers therefore think she is a witch, and she becomes an outcast, driven forth and stoned.

An artist follows her into the hills, stays in their hut with the girl and her young brother, and grows to love her. Leni Riefenstahl shows, with consummate artistry, the bewildered terror of the hunted creature, and her timid, tender response to the first human contact and apparent understanding she has experienced.

The man, thinking to win the villagers over to the girl, shows them the way to the cave. They go up with ropes, baskets, and picks, bring back the crystals and then celebrate their newly found riches.

The girl has climbed back to her cave and sanctuary, only to find it ravished and denuded, and in her agony she falls. When the man goes to bring her to the village, she is lying dead among the mountain flowers.

The photography of the superb mountain scenery is exquisite, and always significant, part of the movement of the picture, explicit of the emotions of the protagonists. Leni Riefenstahl, and Matthias Weimann, who plays the part of the artist, are the only professional actors in the cast; all the others are natives of the Austrian Alps, wearing their own picturesque costumes, cleverly chosen types, inspired by the sensitive direction of this extraordinay woman.

THE success of *Tempest* at the Marble Arch Pavilion may depend to some extent on the established popularity of Jannings and the publicity accorded to the beautiful Anna Sten, but it has independent rights to recognition as a good film, a drama with sufficiently sound psychological interplay to make the story convincing.

Jannings, "Coen" as usual, gives an admirable interpretation of the crook and bully, with the one "soft spot" for the girl who is unfaithful to him while he is in prison, and seduces the boy he has rescued from a reformatory, and who is his friend. Finally, to facilitate her new "love affair," she betrays her man to the police.

There is humour, drama, and scenic brilliance in the picture. The murder of the girl's lover during the noise and sparkle of a firework display is brilliantly done.

Anna Sten has the sensuous, slothful, fair beauty of the post-war German and Austrian women. She is well cast as the light promiscuous creature whose "love" men pay for with their lives, their faith, fur coats and honour. I do not think that her representation of the shallows of feminine seduction subtle art, but just natural. Unless, in Hollywood, they discover and teach her to discover emotional depths, she will not challenge the supremacy of Dietrich.

AT the Plaza, in *Blonde Venus*, we can see once more an exposition of Marlene's unique loveliness and measured fascination. It is said that von Sternberg is her Svengali, and it is not difficult to believe that she acts in a trance: something of the hypnotic influence seems to spread to the audience.

Since her début in *The Blue Angel*, Dietrich has taken a long lease of the tenements and luxurious apartments alternatively occupied by fallen angels. She is more beautiful than ever, and, especially in the mother-love sequences with Dickie Moore, more moving. Once, during this picture, she shows her true form as a great actress. Drunk and despairing, in a low doss-house, she gives the money her husband has repaid her when he takes her child from her to a starving, suicidal harridan, with drunken dignity in superb imitation of his words and manner, and staggers out.

Switch! Paris—Electric signs. She is "The Toast of Europe." The picture goes on in a series of inconsequentive snapshots. We see Dietrich in fantastic costumes, including the male evening clothes she favours and adorns, living a life of luxury, and descending rapidly through stages of vagrancy to prostitution. It does not matter as long as it is Marlene Dietrich. Wonderful woman, wonderful direction, but not a wonderful film. Let us hope for good weather for the sake of the queues.

Books of the Week: By "Ericus"

"It takes all sorts to make a world, mother," says bluff Mr. Collins to his wife, as from their seats in the pit they watch the audience gather for that never-failing thrill, a West End premiére. And this is the substance of Miss Lorna Rea's story, *First Night* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*). The scene is the Duchess of York's Theatre; the occasion, the opening night of a new play by an obscure young dramatist; the theme, the actions and reactions of that vast army of people, from cleaners to critics, on whom its success depends.

If you are interested in the theatre—and who nowadays is not? despite the constant predictions of its impending demise—you cannot fail to enjoy the admirable character-studies that go to make up this entertaining story. The characters range from the manager, outlined in the aperture of his box-office—how important, therefore, the exquisite laundering of his evening shirt!—through all the various grades of society that inhabit stalls, circle, pit and gallery; on to the stage with its skilful but apprehensive occupants, its temperamental leading-lady and her unobtrusively invaluable husband; and finally to the distraught young author, whose success will mean fame, fortune and the favour of his lady-love. The scope of the story is, perhaps, a trifle restricted for the dimensions of a full-length novel. And I have my doubts about Mr. Bagshaw, that eminent dramatic critic, whose verdict on a play apparently depends on how his dinner has agreed with him. Nevertheless, far be it from me—as Mr. Leslie Henson once endeavoured to say—to quarrel with Miss Rea on this count or to temper my gratitude to her for the quiet enjoyment her book has given me.

Mrs. J. S. Fletcher

The wife of Mr. J. S. Fletcher, the well-known author and journalist, herself writes under the name of Rosamund Grant Langbridge. "The Psychology of Charlotte Brontë" was one of her most important books, and she is also the authoress of several novels

Mr. Charles Graves

Mr. Graves's new book, "Panorama," appeared recently, published by Ivor Nicholson and Watson, and is full of amusing points of view on London life. "Gone Abroad," in which he describes France and Germany as he saw them, was published in the spring of this year

In his foreword to *For Adults Only* (Jonathan Cape; 5*s.*), Mr. Beverley Nicholls claims that the few children on whom he tried this collection of humorous dialogues seemed to like it, "though, of course, they may have been polite." I must apologise for not being so polite. Mr. Nicholls has, of course, a real gift for poking sly fun at people, but, frankly, these conversations between earnest child and somewhat odious parent left me cold. Perhaps I am taking them too seriously, but then so does Mr. Nicholls in his preface! or perhaps it is my sense of humour that is at fault.

Please blame, therefore, this failing of mine, if you are not vastly amused, as I was by *And Now All This*, being "Volume I. of the Hole Pocket Treasury of Absolutely General Knowledge," by Walter Carruthers Sellar and Robert Julian Yeatman (Methuen; 5*s.*). The authors of that "maddeningly memorable" chronicle, 1066 *And All That*, have "done it again." Their new effusion does not, perhaps, keep one chuckling as consistently as did "1066," but, on the other hand, there are magnificent moments when it is even funnier. I would indicate to you the chapters on Geography, Part I. ("Archipelagoes And All Those") and Part II. ("Conceivable Countries") with especial reference to "France" and to "India," over which I became almost hysterical. I must also once more congratulate the "Director of Illustrations," Mr. John Reynolds. His "Pull-over for a Dromedary" is a masterpiece of design and execution.

"Tiger-Man" (Victor Gollancz; 10*s.* 6*d.*) is the saga of that astonishing character, Sacha Siemel, first introduced to us by Mr. Julian Duguid in *Green Hell*. It is actually a biography, but it has all the qualities of a first-rate romance of travel and adventure. And Sacha is well-fitted to be the hero of such a romance. "Tall and bearded . . . his forehead high and intelligent . . . his eyes blue and wide-set . . . he killed jaguars for a living with a seven-foot spear of his own manufacture, and read Tolstoi, Gogol and Victor Hugo in the siesta hour." No wonder that at sixteen he fled from the prospect of a conventional career at Baku, stowed away on a grain tramp and eventually, after various vicissitudes, reached the country of his dreams, Brazil. Here he was by turn waiter, railway navvy, printer, silversmith, travelling mechanic and finally tiger-killer in the native fashion, his only allies, a spear and his dogs. With these dogs, his faithful friend Apparico, and his pet monkey he journeyed for months on end in his barge Aventureira, trailing tiger through deadly swamp and impenetrable jungle. And all this time he was building up that knowledge of character, both human and animal, that has made him to-day the idol of a people none too inclined to reverence, the people of the province of Matto Grasso, reputed to be the "toughest" in the world.

But this plain series of facts can give you no idea of the fascinating qualities of Mr. Duguid's book. His atmosphere, his scenery and his characters are depicted so vividly that one follows Sacha breathlessly from the moment he leaves home to the grim culmination of his "odyssey of freedom," the discovery of his brother's murderer dying of consumption and thereby forestalling his vengeance.

In *Fool's Fair* (Hurst and Blackett; 7*s.* 6*d.*) Mr. Colin Campbell describes his native Scottish countryside freshly and well. Unfortunately he is not so happy with his characters, and I frankly found them rather incredible. His hero, Alan Stewart, for example, dies of thwarted love at the age of eighteen! And do schoolboys really hurl their remarks at each other like shots out of a gun? This staccato form of conversation is becoming a positive menace. One expects it from Society's Bright Young People, but not from a novelist of the calibre of Mr. Colin Campbell.

That quaint person, The Provincial Lady, returns to captivate us once more in *The Provincial Lady Goes Further*, by E. M. Delafield, (Macmillan; 7*s.* 6*d.*). You cannot afford to miss this unpretentious diary of daily events in the life of this simple, but most discerning, little lady. It bubbles over with kindly and sagacious humour on every page.

"Man and Mask," by Feodor Chaliapin (Victor Gollancz; 18*s.*), is a volume of reminiscences by probably the most celebrated operatic artiste of the present day. Mr. Chaliapin obviously sees everything in terms of the theatre, and it is this quality, combined with a certain naïve egotism and a gift of lucid description of things theatrical and political, that distinguishes his book from the usual run of Russian reminiscences.

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

The Leg-o'-Mutton Sleeve

1892-1932

Lady Moira Combe wears a modern version of a romantic fashion. Short coat of white silk ermine, from Peggy Morris. Photograph by Scaioni

Pamela Murray

A Mid-Season Garnering

THE excursions and alarums of the season's opening are over, and by now most of us have chosen at least the basis of our winter wardrobe. The result of the many contradictory attempts to move the waistline, either higher or lower, has been to leave it very much where Nature intended it to be, and the Patou hip-line waist (very dowdy, as a rule), and the Schiaparelli bust-high waist (very smart, but hard to wear), are exceptions rather than rules. And in spite of all rumours to the contrary, the majority of our hats do not sit squarely on our foreheads, but continue to tilt sharply, though less exaggeratedly, over one eye. After this admission of our conservatism, I shall proceed to give you some news and suggestions.

SEEN in London: Gertrude Lawrence, in the charming costume in which she is pictured above. A dark coat with high revers of leopard and a removable close-fitting shoulder-cape of the same fur, accompanied by a leopard muff and toque. A most attractive get-up and one which comes from Molyneux. Miss Margaret Whigham, in a coat and dress of royal blue woollen material with a diagonal self-stripe. The coat seven-eighths length and with sleeves which puff above the elbow. This costume, which comes from Norman Hartnell, has no fur on it, but is worn with a fox scarf and a toque of matching royal blue velvet trimmed with a tiny tuft of feathers held by a sapphire pin. Another coat of diagonal wool, this time from Schiaparelli, wearer unknown, carried out in black, with a dress of shiny black jersey and a frilled ribbon waistcoat which stands up around the neck and replaces a collar on the coat which is trimmed only by three metal clips placed horizontally across the belt. Lady Cynthia Mosley, in a dress of hyacinth blue wool jersey worn under a belted ribbon jacket made of little squares outlined by a wool thread of a contrasting colour. Mademoiselle Chanel, in a navy blue coat and skirt and a cape of summer ermine; with this she wore a navy blue béret and carried an ermine muff. Mrs. Lance Siveking, in a brown and beige costume of featherweight wool, the dress with a brown velvet sash and a high turn-over collar tied with a brown velvet bow, the short wrap cleverly crossed over and buttoned beneath either arm. She is seen in this costume in the photograph on the opposite page. It is a Chanel model from Richard Sands. Lady Lathom, in a black wool dress from Peggy Morris, very simply made with an enormous scarf of white angel skin draped around the neck and shoulders.

# of News : Some Personalities and their Clothes . . . . . .

A TWO-PIECE costume carried out in a brown and beige check woollen material of an exceptionally light weight. The bolero buttons under either arm and the sash is of dark brown velvet. This is a Chanel model and comes from Richard Sands

Scaioni Studios

First Suggestions

A SUIT of navy blue proofed gabardine is worn with a navy blue silk shirt and a red tie and handkerchief patterned with navy. Fortnum and Mason

A NEW material of a lightish blue flecked with a darker shade has its trousers buttoned to its short jacket. The cap is made to match. Burberry

for the Winter Sport Enthusiast

BRIGHT purple makes the knitted coat, which ties with a scarf and is buttoned down the front. It can be had in several other colours and comes from Jaeger

A SCARLET knitted jumper is worn with a tartan scarf in scarlet, black and white. From Debenham and Freebody. The trousers are made to order

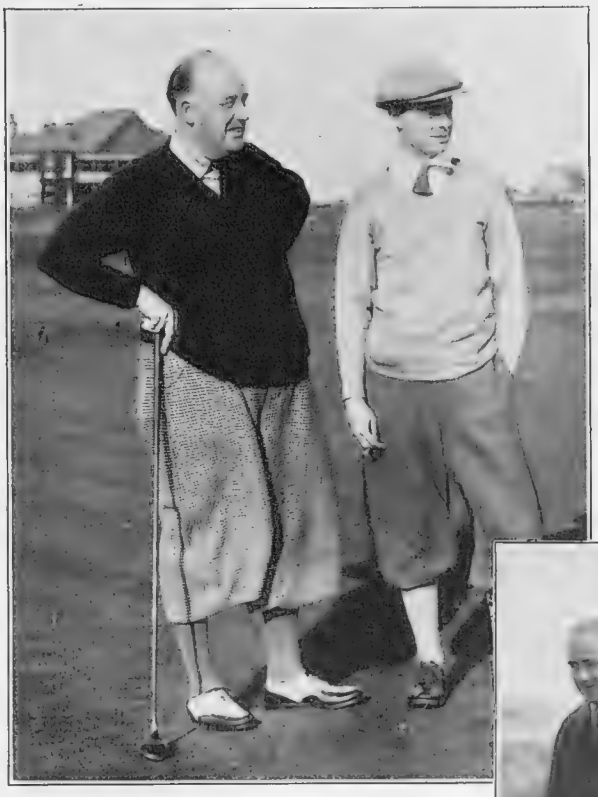
A Cut for "Deal"

The Portland Club Hold their Golf Meeting at the Royal Cinque Ports Club

Photos by Bertram Eary

Left: Two of the competitors, Sir Pomeroy Burton and K. Hurst-Brown, totalling up their scores

Sir Frank Meyer and Captain Norman saying a few encouraging words to each other before they drive off from the fourth tee



Above: Waiting in the brilliant sunshine till it was time to go on from the second: Major O. C. Hezlet and J. Cyril Simpson

Below, left: A. M. Mobbs, who is the proprietor of Stoke Poges, discussing the game with E. S. Gates

Below: Holding a committee meeting before driving off: R. T. T. Spencer, R. H. Hill, and C. E. Rochford

Below: Charles Hill and E. V. Warner walking through to the tenth green

Letters of a Lady Golfer

"'Star' Spirit"

By Eleanor E. Helme

The Burhill Team, who were beaten in the semi-finals of "The Star" Ladies' Inter-Club Golf Tournament, by Roehampton, by four matches to one: Miss Horrocks, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. R. F. Potter, Miss Livingstone, and Miss J. Hill

DEAR BYSTANDER,

I WISH all those nasty people who tell you that golfers don't care about team matches could have been at Wentworth for the *Star* Finals. You couldn't possibly have seen twenty keener people than the Addington, Roehampton, Sunningdale, and Burhill teams, hotly supported by their pros., their secretaries, and other well-wishers. I don't think it was only, or even mainly, the array of beautiful prizes waiting in the club-house which made all that keenness (though that would have been forgivable), because there is just the same keenness over a *Star* match even in the earliest stages between two minor clubs who could not possibly hope to reach the finals. I have an idea that why people are so keen about the *Star*, as distinct from other team matches, is that the sides are so small—only five. They all know each other pretty well, and have the feeling that everyone's effort does matter; the team has no tail. Nobody feels that all their energy is wasted because several people down at the bottom have failed to do their bit.

It's marvellous what wonders can be worked, too, by the real team spirit. There was no West Hill, the shining example of that there this year, but Roehampton carried on their tradition equally well. On paper, they oughtn't to have beaten Burhill, but they did it right enough, only Miss Julia Hill getting home against them. That meant that Miss Marjorie White, Roehampton's captain, beat Mrs. Potter after being severely down to her, and that Mrs. Clemens, Mrs. Rowand-Harker, and Mrs. Hicks got home as well. That sounds too easy to be exciting, but, actually, Roehampton were pulling matches out of the fire almost all the time, and Addington's four to one win, too, from Sunningdale was much more exciting than it sounds.

THERE was never any hope, from the word "Go," that Mrs. Porter would beat Mrs. Guedalla, but Mrs. Atherton had a most gallant 19th hole win from Miss Pim, and Sunningdale supporters began to have great hopes that what Mrs. Atherton had done, the rest of the team might do. They just failed, but it was a gallant failure.

In the afternoon they fell upon Roehampton and trounced them by the whole five matches, but Miss Marjorie White put up a very noble struggle with Mrs. Guedalla. There were a good many putting lapses, but otherwise the golf was so good that it was a real pleasure to watch. Altogether a delightful day, on which Miss Stringer and Mr. Spalding must be congratulated. And Lady Carisbrooke broke her invariable rule of the silent prize-giving and made just as charming a little public speech as she usually makes in private to each prize-winner.

"BYSTANDER" GOLF COMPETITIONS

Owing to pressure on space, the results of our Monthly Medal and Club Competitions are held over till next week

I SEEM to be telling you a great deal about Miss Molly Gourlay at present. As Swedish champion, she was on one side of Herr Nobel in the delightful little dinner given by *Fairway and Hazard* the other evening in honour of that great man, who was the host of the team of lady golfers which went to Sweden last August. Practically all the team were there, and enjoyed themselves enormously. Then there was her good win of the scratch prize at the Guildford Meeting, which is open to members of any Surrey club. She came home in a very brilliant 36 to win with 78, but with plus one lost the Challenge Cup, which is under handicap, to Mrs. Peel, who was 82 less 4=78.

I hope that people will send in scores like these for our Monthly Spoon competitions. I know in the summer only absurdly low net totals win, but in winter people hardly ever manage to be fourteen below par, so that it's well worth while sending in any respectable card for our Spoons. Tamworth and Langham and Thonock are hot on each other's heels just now for the Inter-Club Competition, to see which of them will be the last holder of the Challenge Cup—for that competition is going to be discontinued after this year. That means the three leaders of 1932 will be the last clubs to get BYSTANDER prizes to play for in their own club, and the Challenge Cup will come back to you. But, of course, the Monthly Spoons for individual players will go on unabated.

To return to Miss Gourlay. She has been busy collecting a team to play a match against Mrs. Crompton's team at Beau Desert, which people insist on labelling South v. Midlands. I hear (for, unluckily, I could not be there) that a huge gathering of spectators had plenty worth watching. As mostly Midlanders, too, the morning foursomes, two-all, must have filled them with hope, for Miss Wilson and Mrs. Alan Hickman (Miss Kitty Beard, that was) beat Miss Fishwick and Miss Gourlay 3 and 1, and Miss Fieldhouse and Miss Fyshe got home by the same from Miss Garnham and Miss Pim. But things were very different in the afternoon when Miss Gourlay's team won every match except one. I wish I'd seen the one between Miss Wilson and Miss Fishwick. It can't be often that Miss Wilson, out in 39 and turning 3 up, gets beaten, but Miss Fishwick managed it. Miss Morgan beat Miss Kerr 3 and 2; Miss Gourlay beat Miss Watts 7 and 5; Mrs. Clarke beat Miss Fieldhouse 2 and 1; Miss Garnham beat Mrs. Hickman 5 and 3; Miss Beard lost to Miss Fyshe 5 and 3; Miss Pim beat Mrs. Peppercorn 1 up; and Miss Chambers beat Miss Cradock-Hartopp 1 up.

Yours ever,
ELEANOR E. HELME.

The winners of "The Star" Tournament at Wentworth were the Addington team, who have now won six times in eleven years, and defeated Roehampton in the finals: Mrs. Douglas Fish, Miss A. C. Regnart, Miss D. Pim, Mrs. P. Hill, and Mrs. Herbert Guedalla

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* THE BYSTANDER *for the current week.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2. *The scratch score of the course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON NOVEMBER

Name { Mrs. / Miss } .....

Address .....

.....

For Club Competition this card to be entered in the total of

..... *of which I am a member.*

The Demand for Lighter Light 'Planes

By Capt. C. E. Ward

Tempelhof Airport, Berlin, where all international traffic is handled. The building in the foreground is used for administration and the roof acts as an observation post for the public. Another aerodrome is being equipped for German private owners and for instruction purposes

The Gipsy Swift, a fast single-seater, built at Hooton Park by the Comper Aircraft Company and sold in the British Isles by Brian Lewis for £840. Has a top speed of 165 m.p.h., and can be equipped for a non-stop flight of 600 miles

On Selling Aviation

THERE has been a revival of the idea that flying can be made more popular if only someone will manufacture and sell a really cheap light aeroplane, something at a price of £200 or less. This entails, however, some compromise with the standards of power, range, and safety which have been set during the past few years, and the problem of making and marketing the motor-cycle of the air, with or without "side-car" accommodation, does not appear near a solution. Mr. Lowe Wylde, a pioneer in the gliding movement, who has been conspicuously successful in building and demonstrating gliders for exhibition flights, instruction, and for the purpose of launching by motor-car and aeroplane, has designed and flown an experimental monoplane fitted with a Douglas motor-cycle engine. Such a machine will fly at 45 miles an hour, land at about 15, and could be used for local sporting events and short-distance cross-country work in fair weather, provided that one accepts these limitations of range and the lack of power to compete against a strong head wind or rough weather. Unfortunately, there are further difficulties, in that the Air Ministry insists on a minimum factor of safety for all aircraft sold to the public with its C. of A., and, to comply with the law, the manufacturer of the super light 'plane finds his costs have mounted to a point beyond that which the public will pay.

Is Government Control too Strict?

WHILST it is unquestionably in the public interest that it should be protected from the after-effects of flying in or being crashed on by a dangerous machine, some more intelligent interpretation of the rules of the game seem indicated for the type to be used as a hedge-hopper. There is no suggestion that such a machine should be unsafe—merely that its limitations call for an automatic reduction of factors that were established for types capable of flying anywhere in all weathers. The majority of those who learn to fly have a reasonable regard for their own safety, which includes, inter alia, that of the people underneath, and, given a machine with a limited performance, they are unlikely to abuse it. This leads me to a further point affecting every designer in the country. The autocratic power possessed by the Secretary of State for Air has been exercised recently to stop all experimental flying without permission from the Air Ministry in writing. This is anti-progressive in every way and likely to cause a serious decline in the output of original types of machine. The whole question of Government control of aviation by decree is one which should be taken up by the S.B.A.C. on behalf of those interested in flying. In actual fact, many experimental designers are outside the Society, and have no one to present their case with the weight and authority which it deserves. They should be allowed to retain freedom of action within three miles of an aerodrome, this being the rule which has worked satisfactorily for some years. The assessment of risks for machines offered to the public might be transferred with advantage from the Government to approved insurance companies, always provided that insurance in some form or another is compulsory.

Distinguished Air Travellers

THE passenger lists of the principal air lines have contained the names of many distinguished people of late, and others scarcely less well-known have been using air taxis or been engaged on flights in their own machines. Princess Ingrid of Sweden, Prince Olaf and Princess Martha of Norway flew to England from the Continent. Dame Ethel Locke-King, who is the principal owner of Brooklands, is flying by Imperial Airways to Northern Rhodesia. One of the reasons she gave for preferring air travel to that by ship and train was that it is much more comfortable for an old lady approaching eighty, and no doubt she had in mind the fact that the air way is a personally-conducted service where meals, porters, cars, and hotels are included in the price for the journey. As soon as a passenger leaves Airway Terminus, Victoria, the worries and responsibilities of travel are borne by the Company and its officials until the destination is reached. Miss Joan Page, daughter of the Lord Chief Justice of Burmah, and Miss Sale Barker, both experienced pilots, are well on the way to Cape Town by Gipsy Moth. Mr. A. C. J. Irwin and Mr. Gandar Dower are flying to India for some tiger shooting in Mysore. The Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University has honoured the Squadron maintained at the University by flying from Upper Heyford to Abingdon, where the Squadron is making its air headquarters. Lord Londonderry and Sir Geoffrey Salmond were present at the ceremony arranged to celebrate the change-over.

Flying Club Notes

THE Lancashire and London Clubs and Brooklands School were amongst those centres that celebrated Guy Fawkes' day in the traditional manner, the former holding a Baby Party for grown-ups before the firework display, and at Brooklands the whole affair was organised for children, many of whom were taken for flights. It was at Brooklands that Santa Claus first took the air, in 1913, when Mr. Merriam arrived with presents for children of the aerodrome staff, and on Saturday last, Guy Fawkes descended by parachute, was duly bombed and burnt at the stake. At Stag Lane, the London Club held a farewell party for Mr. M. P. Spencer, who is taking over the secretary's duties at Maidstone Airport.

NOVEMBER, 1932

11th to 20th inclusive

11th **Racing.** Liverpool and Windsor Meetings.
Badminton. West Hants Championships, Bournemouth.

12th **Racing.** Liverpool, Windsor and Leopardstown Meetings.
Rugby. Richmond v Harlequins, Richmond.
Devon v. Cornwall, Devonport.
Assoc. Football. Qualifying Competition 4th Round, F.A. Cup.
2nd Round Welsh Amateur Cup.
Hockey. Teddington v. Richmond, Bushey Park.
Blackheath v. St. Albans, St. Albans.
Wimbledon v R.A.F., Wimbledon.
Badminton. West Hants Championships, Bournemouth.

14th **Racing.** Leicester Meeting.
Old Custom. Hiring Fair, Aberystwyth.
Boxing. Lynn A.C., Manor Place Baths.
Squash Rackets. Army Championship Competitions, London.
Badminton. South of England Championships, Crystal Palace.

15th **Racing.** Leicester.
Boxing. Polytechnic B.C., Stadium Club.
Shows. International Poultry, Pigeon and Rabbit Show, Crystal Palace.

16th **Racing.** Derby, Catterick and Cheltenham Steeplechases.
Rugby. Surrey v Kent, Richmond.
Sussex v. Eastern Counties, Brighton.
Shows. International Poultry, Pigeon and Rabbit Show, Crystal Palace.
Boxing. Battersea B.C., Nine Elms Baths.

17th **Racing.** Derby, Catterick and Cheltenham Steeplechases.
Shows. Norwich Fat Stock, Norwich.
Boxing. E Division Metropolitan Police, Stadium Club.

18th **Racing.** Derby. Chepstow Steeplechases.
Shows. Norwich Fat Stock, Norwich.

19th **Racing.** Lingfield Park. Chepstow Steeplechases.
Rugby. Harlequins v. Oxford University, Twickenham.
Northampton v. Coventry, Northampton.
Hockey. Wimbledon v. R.E., Aldershot.
Southgate v. Bromley, Bromley.
Richmond v. Oxford University, Richmond.
Shows. Norwich Fat Stock, Norwich.
Assoc. Football. Wales v. England—in Wales.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

WINTER SPORTS SECTION

SKI-HEIL!

A Salute to WINTER SPORTS

Where to go and —All about it

By CHARLES GRAVES

Left: A ski-jumper making a snow-storm of his own while out on the fine ski-ing fields of Arosa

IT has always been an abiding surprise to me that the Royal Princes, and particularly the Prince of Wales, have never been to Switzerland. Hunting enthusiasts agree that ski-ing is the nearest possible approach to their form of sport, while ski-ers think that it is ten times more sporting than hunting, if only because you are depending on your own legs instead of those of your hunter. Personally, I know of no sensation equal to that of swooping down a virgin slope with the air whistling past your ears and the snow hissing under your skis. The Princes have never tried it. But it was not until this summer that they went to Cannes and Antibes, so there is still hope for St. Moritz, Mürren, Wengen, and the other resorts.

WHETHER or not they decide to try it out, this season ought to be a good one, to judge by weather conditions. Fellows who have been trying to shoot the grouse bird in certain parts of Scotland recently, tell me that they have had to return because there was six inches of snow on the moors. When that happens in October you have certain knowledge that there will soon be plenty of snow in Switzerland. "High time, too," some of you who were out last year and the year before will say. And it is no good concealing the fact. Snow conditions have been definitely bad since 1929. Last year it did not matter so much. Patriotism and our departure from the Gold Standard almost killed the Winter Sports, despite the rather quaint promise from certain Swiss hoteliers that the money we spent would not leave the country, and would be spent in buying hotel furniture in London. This year the tourist agents report that the bookings are already sixty per cent. of normal, compared with seven per cent. in November, 1931.

PRICES look remarkably low in prospect. Whether or not the Swiss hotel keepers can afford to keep going without the usual British invasion is not for me to say. The fact remains that they are giving us all kinds of cuts in pension terms. On an average, the cuts are twenty per cent., though at Morgins they are to be as high as 33⅓, which is particularly pleasant in view of the holding of the British Ski Championship there in the first week of January. It is, of course, no good disguising the fact that you now get only eighteen Swiss francs—how grand it is to hold those fat five-francers — to the pound, instead of twenty-five. But the general effect is that it does not cost you more than ten per cent. more than it did two years ago.

AMONG readers of THE BYSTANDER are to be numbered racers, tourers, and novices. The tourers who are soft snow specialists and do not mind climbing, know their Switzerland (and Austria) well enough for me not to advise them where to go—Davos, Klosters, Pontresina, Maloja, Arosa, and Kitzbuhel are their favourites. The racers also know their stuff well enough to head straight for funicular centres like Scheidegg, Mürren, and Wengen. For the novices it may be as well to give the peculiar characteristics of the leading resorts. Then it is up to them to make their own choice. What they want is snow and a lot of it so as to fall comfortably and without pain.

PONTRESINA gives excellent high mountain touring.

VILLARS provides a very fine sunny skating rink.

DAVOS supplies the wonderful Parsenn country with a new funicular to Wasserschneide, open this year for the first time. Incidentally, the ski-ing hotels no longer allow invalids with lung trouble to stay there. It is the "scratch" man's paradise. Here he has innumerable pet runs which he keeps to himself.

ENGELBERG grows smarter every year with English orchestras and, of course, the Trubsee.

(Continued on page 292)

A bob reaching the end of the run at Caux, while the judges on the right get busy with stop-watches. The run ends just in front of the Caux Palace

EXPERT SKI-ERS APPROVE OUR TAILORED SKI-ING SUITS . . .

Photograph by Shaw Wildman

weather — wind — and water-proof . . . cut on severely becoming lines

MISS BETTY BRADBURY finds our ski-ing suits perfect for winter sports wear, because they're workmanlike, practical — yet tremendously becoming.

They are made by our own expert tailors in strongly proofed gaberdine, double-breasted, with a water-proof lining. We keep a large variety of sizes in stock, from 7½ Gns., or we make to your own measures for 11½ Gns.

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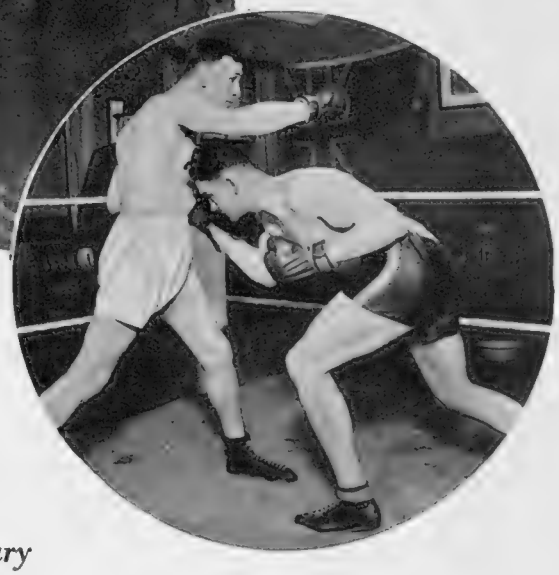
Left: Four Old Mill-Hillians famous in the world of sport: Peter Howard, 1931 Captain of England, and International forward; Ted Carris, Cambridge Rugby and cricket Blue, and a Middlesex cricketer; Roger Spong, International fly-half; and Wilf Sobey, International scrum-half

Below: Jack Doyle and Charlie Smith in training at Windsor. They will both appear at the Albert Hall to-morrow night, when Doyle meets Bouquillon, and Smith mets Jack Pettifer

Rugger Kings



Boxing Princes

SPORT with the LID OFF

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

I'VE never seen so wildly-excited a crowd as the one which yelled itself hoarse when Jackie Brown beat Young Perez for the flyweight championship of the world at Manchester last week. Women fainted, men stood on their chairs and flung every detachable possession frantically into the air, and even journalists, desperately anxious to get their stories on the wire, waited to watch the amazing scene.

IT was certainly all very dramatic, for Brown is a Manchester boy, and there were times during the fight when the odds were that Perez would knock him out. Then came that thirteenth round, a left hook by Brown, and the wiry little fellow from Tunis was clinging to the ropes, with eyes rolling, knees sagging, and the world's title smashed from him by one unexpected punch.

PEREZ is a game fighter, short, thick-set, and willing, but he is no champion. Nor, for that matter, is Brown, in the real sense of the word, though now I suppose he has put himself alongside the big money. I don't wish to imply that Brown is an unworthy champion; he is a good boy, and he thoroughly deserves his triumph. I only remember that the last British fly-weight to conquer the world was the great Jimmy Wilde, and the comparison is a little severe on Brown.

AS a matter of fact, the fight I enjoyed most at Belle Vue on that historic evening was the one between Bert Kirby, who has beaten Brown, and Joe Mendiola, known in the profession as the Philippino Whirlwind. Kirby won on points, but this Mendiola is an extraordinary small person. He has the slanting eyes, the flat nose, and the golden skin of the Philippino, and he is a square, swift packet of dynamite in action.

Kirby stuck his left hand out and propped him off and rather out-generalled him, but if ever the Whirlwind is on the bill, I advise you to take a look at him.

TO-MORROW night, by the way, we should have some fun at the Albert Hall, for Jack Doyle tries conclusions with Moise Bouquillon, a fighter as unscientific though not quite so venomous as himself, and Jack Pettifer will show us whether his boxing ability is sufficient to outwit the crafty Charlie Smith.

Both Doyle and Pettifer should win, but we may take it for granted that Doyle will provide us with fireworks.

AND while we are talking of boxing, may I call your attention to *Fighting for Fun*, a book of memoirs by Eddie Eagan, the American amateur—he calls himself the amateur heavyweight champion of the world—who boxed for Oxford a few years back. It is a strangely ingenuous book, full of odd little vanities and snobberies, but although Eagan gives the impression that he thinks he could have become professional champion of the world, he also is disarmingly naïve and likeable. What is more, he has some good stories to tell of Battling Siki, that unhappy negro, Dempsey and Tunney, to mention three of the professors with whom he has sparred.

AND now briefly to one or two other matters, among them the announcement that, on the night of December 14, a game of Rugby football will be played under the floodlights at the White City. It will be a charity match between teams captained by W. W. Wakefield and R. Cove-Smith respectively, and I mentioned the possibility of this floodlight football some months ago in these columns. I also said then that I disliked the idea intensely: it savours too much of sensationalism and the spectacular, and I hope this one match will not be repeated. I have an idea, though, that there may be some attempt to arrange club matches, and I cannot believe that such a project would meet with general approval in Rugby football circles.

I SUPPOSE there is more to be said for playing Soccer at night, for professional Soccer, after all, is simply a public entertainment, and might just as well come into line with dog-racing, dirt-track riding, theatres, and cinemas as a nocturnal amusement.

THE playing conditions, at any rate, will be perfect. W. W. Wakefield has experimented at the White City with a Rugby football under the floodlights, and is entirely satisfied, and I suppose I shall be one of the thousands who will roll up to see him in action again in December. The match is for charity, when all is said and done, but if it is a typically raw, cold December night, I must say I shall hardly envy the players.

AS I write, I notice that a sort of rumpus is starting about the Boat Race. Oxford must win this time, they say, or the event will lose interest as a national spectacle. Well, I don't think that matters very much; all that does matter is that Oxford will do their level best to win in the certain conviction that eventually the luck will turn. In the meanwhile, Oxford seem to have discovered something of an athletic prodigy in G. F. Stanwood, the American hurdler. So far, Stanwood has been handicapped by the weather, but 25 seconds for the low hurdles should not be beyond him, and as he clears six feet in the high jump, he should pull Oxford through two events in the sports at least.

CAMBRIDGE also have an American candidate for a running Blue—J. B. Hawes, of Harvard, a sprint merchant of considerable promise. But the most interesting Cambridge athlete just now, to my way of thinking, is Kenneth Farnes, the cricketer, who manages to put the shot forty feet and over without any kind of special training. I was once fairly gratified at covering thirty-five feet myself by brute force, but the extra five feet takes a lot of reaching. The trouble is that when Farnes is seriously coached he will probably become stiff and cramped, though there is just the chance that he is a champion in the making.

IN conclusion—and are not these two words the most welcome ever heard by those who have to attend club dinners?—in conclusion, I should like to say something about Verity's bowling on a wet wicket in Australia, and the Chelsea footballers who collapsed in the Blackpool mud, and the staggering statement that Lindrum has offered W. Smith 20,000 start in a game of billiards—20,000 start!—but, fortunately for you, for both of us, in fact, there are limits, even to my articles.

says the man who knows! *"If a man who opens the doors of many hundreds of cars a day doesn't notice the* **kind** *of cars the doors belong to, he isn't what I call an observant man. Now take* **me.** *Do I know what a man is by the car he drives up in? Do* **I** *know what cars the real swells buy? Well, I ought to and I do. And I'll tell you this.* **Every day I open more Standard doors.** *And the people in them? They're what I call the new poor — used to luxury, you know, and what's what, but a little short of what you might call 'the treacle.' Of course they buy these new Standards — how else could they get what they're accustomed to, without paying —* **Excuse me, Sir. Good morning, Sir Charles** *— What did I tell you, Sir?"*

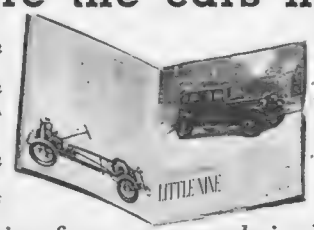
THESE are the cars he means—

£189 *The new "Little Twelve" six-cyl. Saloon*

£215 *The new "Big Twelve" six-cyl. Saloon* (Self-change pre-selective gear models with direction indicator from £240).

£235 *The 1933 "Sixteen" six-cyl. Saloon*

Dunlop Tyres



The 1933 "Little Nine" four-cyl. Saloon **£159**

The 1933 "Big Nine" four-cyl. Saloon **£205** (Self-change pre-selective gear models with direction indicator from £230).

The 1933 "Twenty" six-cyl. Saloon **£325**

All prices ex works

Investigate the 1933 Standards in the quiet of your own armchair. Just write "Catalogue" on a postcard and send it, with your name and address to:—THE STANDARD MOTOR CO. LTD., CANLEY, COVENTRY. West End Showrooms: The Car Mart Ltd., 46-50 Park Lane, London, W.1 and 297-9 Euston Rd., London, N.W.1

1933 STANDARD CARS

Read "The Standard Car Review," published monthly, subscription 3/6 a year, post free.

Dining in Praise of Sport

Two photographs taken at the Women's Automobile and Sports Association dinner, which was held at the May Fair last week. At the top are Lady Elibank, who presided at the dinner, and Lord Wakefield, the patron of so many speed events; and below are Lady Howe and Lord Elibank

A New Car to Drive

By The Earl of Cardigan

EVER since the Motor Show, I imagine, some few thousand people must have been grappling with the various minor problems which arise when one sells an old and well-tried car and buys a new and unfamiliar one. The new one goes better, of course, but demands a slightly different style of driving, and has its own individual characteristics which it is necessary to study and take into account.

The most common difficulty which confronts the average driver when he takes over a new car is the need for altering his gear-changing methods. This is particularly awkward for what I call the "one-car" man, i.e., the owner who keeps the same car for a number of years and never avails himself of the opportunity to drive any other type. He soon loses what versatility he may once have possessed, and, before long, can only think of motor-cars in terms of his own special make.

I SHALL never cease to warn beginners against contracting the "one-car" habit. It is fatal to anyone who aspires to be a good all-round driver. Never, never go to a school of driving or to a private instructor and say, "I want to learn to drive a 20-h.p. Hotstuph." Say, "I want to learn to drive a motor-car, with special reference to the Hotstuph." In the latter case, you will perhaps learn something about motoring in general, and not merely about one car in particular.

In any event, an unfamiliar gear-box will always demand at least a few minutes' attention before it can be used with complete confidence and facility. The best plan is to commence by trying to visualise the "spacing" of the gear ratios. One must discover, for instance, whether "third" is a relatively high or low gear, and whether "first" is intended for normal use or merely for emergencies.

IT may make my meaning clearer if I express the spacing of the ratios of a perfectly normal four-speed gear-box in the following manner, 1—2—3—4. Now, in sports cars, one might get the following arrangement: 1—2-3-4. Some "family" cars have this arrangement: 1—2-3—4. Others have 1-2-3—4. Others again have: 1-2—3-4. In fact, there is any number of such variations.

If the gear ratios cannot be visualised in this way, it is obvious that familiarity with a new gear-box is only to be obtained in a most laborious manner—by a system of trial and error. If, on the other hand, the "spacing" of the gears is clearly appreciated, any individual gear-change can be mastered by simple and common-sense methods.

Thus, with gears arranged as follows, 1-2—3-4, we may at once make certain valuable deductions. In changing "up" with this gear-box, we must change quickly from first to second, more slowly from second to third, and quickly again from third to top gear. In changing "down," we must accelerate the engine only a little between top and third, a good deal between third and second, but again only a little between second and first gear. These are useful facts to know.

IT is not only in regard to gears, however, that one make of car differs from another. An unfamiliar clutch is sometimes awkward, and there are few things more embarrassing than starting a car with a violent jerk. It is best to let the clutch in very gently the first time, and to note at exactly what point of the pedal's travel it commences to engage. This is very important nowadays, when at least one well-known car has a clutch which engages after the pedal has travelled a bare inch!

Generally speaking, the driver's object in a strange car is to observe and note every departure from the normal. Every make of car has some peculiarity or other. Until it has been identified, this is bound to cause difficulty; but the trouble automatically disappears on being marked down and analysed.

MODERN brakes, also, are occasionally awkward. Really good brakes are progressive in their action, but one sometimes has to deal with braking systems in which a light pressure on the pedal produces little or no result, whereas a more powerful pressure may apply the brakes with disconcerting suddenness and vigour. Again, it is necessary to note the point in the pedal's travel at which "things begin to happen."

Nowadays, one is accustomed not to make much use of the hand-brake, but it is most important that the driver of a new car should study this brake also. Modern hand-brakes are divided sharply into two classes—those which are intended for use as brakes and those which are intended for use as sprags, i.e., to hold the car stationary on hills. The hand-brake that *is* a brake presents no difficulty, but the other sort must be treated with the greatest caution.

The "parking brake," as it is sometimes called, usually acts on the transmission, and pulls the car up with a violent jerk. If it is used when the car is in motion, it is liable to lock, or tend to lock, the back wheels, and will, therefore, almost certainly provoke a skid when applied on a wet road. The driver of a new car should therefore gently test his hand-brake at low speed until its virtues or vices are familiar to him.

ANOTHER most important experiment is to discover how, and under what circumstances, the new car is liable to indulge in skidding. All cars behave differently on a greasy surface, and it is most valuable to know what to expect. Some cars, for instance, are perfectly steady when braked, but are liable to wheel-spin when accelerated. Some are unsteady on corners, and others may become unsteady when driven beyond a certain speed.

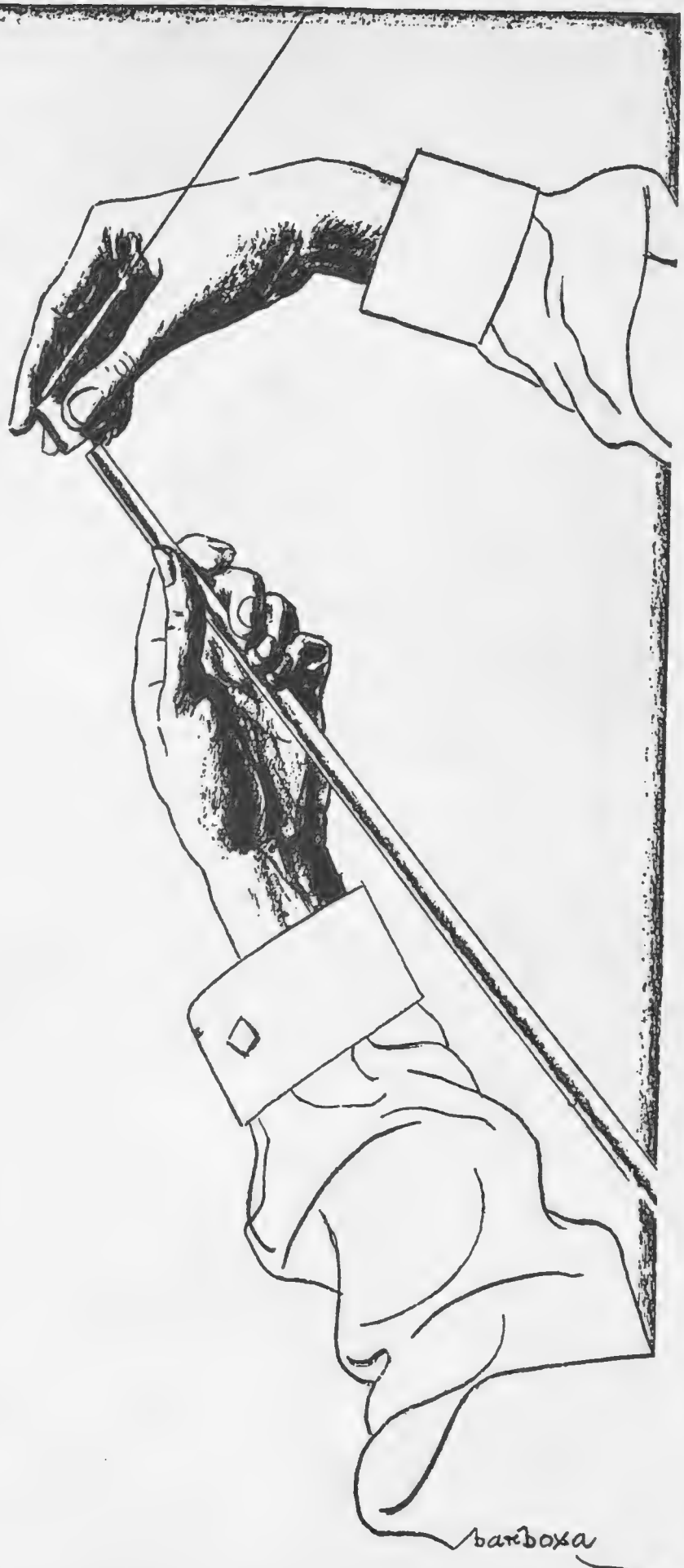
I remember a very fast car which I once drove which used to be as steady as a rock up to 60 m.p.h. At 61 m.p.h., however, it developed a very definite "tail-wag" or "snaking" movement. If I had delayed making this discovery, I might one day have got into serious trouble. Once this critical speed was discovered, on the other hand, it was a simple matter to keep the cruising speed down to 50 or 55 m.p.h. in wet weather, and thus ensure full control and perfect safety.

Mr. Seymour Hicks setting out on a "Gay Adventure"; in other words, going off for a trial run in a Hillman Minx when he was in Glasgow recently

The finishing touch

A finishing touch that may determine the player's success.

BP was extremely successful in its own time; but the addition of a small quantity of anti-knock fluid (a few drops of tetra-ethyl-lead) has enabled it to break its previous record. This new record has been made by BP PLUS, good petrol with a little extra something.



"BP" PLUS

PLUS A LITTLE SOMETHING SOME OTHERS HAVEN'T GOT

Ski-Heil !

(Continued from page 286)

ST. MORITZ is the Mayfair of Switzerland, with its champagne cocktails at the Palace, the tea-parties at Hanselmann's, the run down the Rue de la Paix to Suvretta House from the Corviglia hut, countless Spanish grandees, the Cresta Run, and pretty Americans.

KLOSTERS is handy for the Parsenn, with two delightful hotels full of bonhomie and pommes de terre.

MALOJA is the home of the Eagle Ski Club, and the safest centre for snow in the early part of the Season.

ADELBODEN provides the classic Hahnenmoos Run. You can streak down three thousand feet in an alarmingly short time, or else go on a number of short, easy excursions.

ST. ANTON is where Hannes Schneider has his exacting school of ski-ing. Mürrenites do not think his pupils travel very fast.

KITZBUHEL is for tigers (and others) who do not mind climbing if they can get really magnificent runs which are safe from avalanche conditions, unlike other parts of Austria.

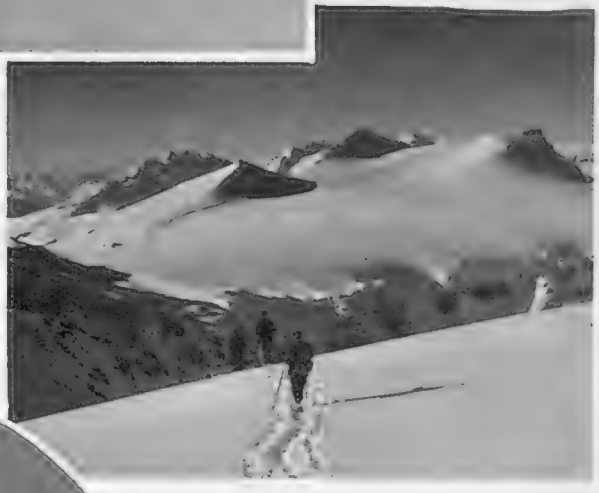
MÜRREN is at once the home of the Plus Two ski-er, and also the ambitious novice who is prepared to become good at all costs. Don't talk to me of Halfway House, Drunkard's Glade, Nose Dive, the Lone Tree Club, and the Devil's Rumble. I have at least another seven weeks to wait before I can get there.

Franz Schneider

Above is a view of one of the winter sports fans' homes from home, the Maloja Palace. Maloja is a favourite centre for tourers

F. Weck, Lenk

A rope-pulling contest in progress on the ice-rink at La Lenk, in the Bernese Oberland



Ski-tourers from Flims, in the Grisons, crossing a shoulder of hill opposite the Piz Vorab (9000 ft.) and the Vorab Glacier

K. Meuser, Engleberg

C. Brandt, Arosa

Swiss Delight

Above, in circle: A ski-jumper putting in a bit of practice at Engelberg, while his companions look on, probably with critical eyes. The photograph below shows a party of ski-ers resting after their climb up one of the sunny slopes near Arosa

WENGEN—*there* is a spot for you, with Trotsky, the ticket collector on, the funicular, the Switchback and Scheidegg, and the village luge run and cherry jam and Swiss honey and the run down to Grindelwald. I care for Wengen.

I could go on for another page about the various resorts where the snow really approximates the official Berne reports, where you can go on tailing parties, ski-jöring parties, fancy-dress parties, and what you will.

WHEN I first went out to Switzerland as a schoolboy, in 1913, a jump of fifteen feet was hot stuff. When I returned as an undergraduate, in 1919, Arnold Lunn and the Swiss guides were the only people who dared to wear one-piece suits and those blue-pointed caps. Women and girls wore plus fours, and I was sixth in the Gold Ski race. Seven years later I returned to the scenes of my youth and found that I was a rabbit, so quick had been the improvement. In 1919 one tried to telemark, but a Christiania Swing was not in the average book of words at all. If you fell down, people laughed. To-day they sail past with courteous tact and averted head. I am not suggesting for a moment that the good fellowship has gone. It has become greater. But so has the standard of coaching. It is like golf and lawn tennis in England, and who is to say that

(Continued on page 294)

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250 Beds. 50 Bathrooms.

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GRISONS.
A Sunny Spot 4,790 ft. a.s.l.
Fine Ski-ing Slopes.
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A nice comfortable Family Hotel with moderate prices.

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ENGADINE. *choose* 6,000 ft. a.s.l.
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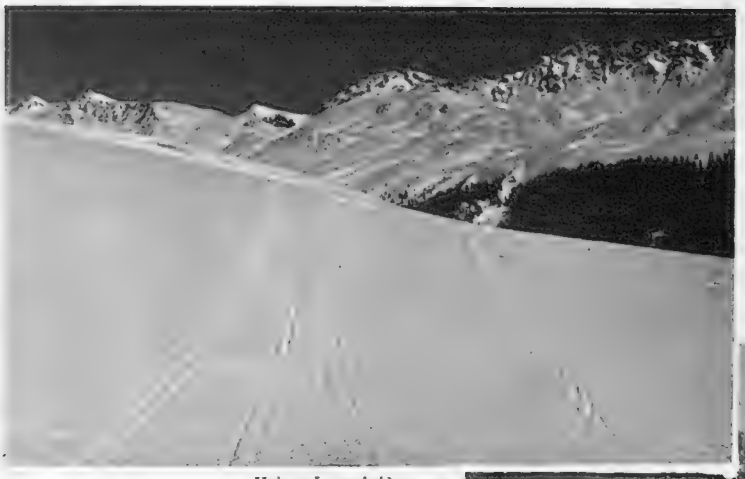
For Switzerland and Italy our Advertisement Agents are the Agence Havas, who should be addressed at 8, Rue de la Rôtisserie, Geneva, Switzerland.

Ski-Heil ! *(Continued from page 292)*

you do not have more fun when you have competition to face ? The snow is as soft as ever, and the greater experience of the instructors saves you from falling as hard and as often as you would otherwise have done when the sport was still in its infancy and experts were few and far between, and preferred to ski themselves instead of coaching other people.

Winter sports are carried out in a much more practical way than before. You are no longer kidded into thinking that there will be several feet of snow at Christmas. Your clothes are much more intelligent, as well as being smarter. You get your waterproof trousers and waterproof jackets, and you realise that, if you do not go out between the last week of December and the tenth of January, the next " session " is between January 25th and the end of February, which the tigers prefer to any other time. I know any number of professional people who take their one holiday in the year in January and February, to the amazement of the others in the office who have never been to Switzerland and who think that you go down the Cresta



Heinze Lenzerheide

Going up ? Going down ? An illustration of the tracks of two ski-ers, showing their upward herring-bone-patterned climb and their smooth downward double-tracked run, which was made on a slope near Lenzerheide

Left : An amusing game about to start on the ice-rink at Samaden, which would be even more exciting if the bottles were full ones

Left : Four ski-ers photographed during their climb on a hill near Superbagnères

Left, below : A party on the Biazot run, near Gerardmer, which is a winter sports centre in the Vosges

Below : The white heaven of Piz Palü. A ski-ing party resting by the famous Diavolezza Hut, near Pontresina, with Piz Palü in the background

Photo A. Steiner St. Moritz

E. Meerkamper

Near Davos, the chosen centre of the ski-ing super-fans on account of its almost infallibly good snow : The Sertig Valley, with some snow-monsters in the foreground, formed by the stream before it froze

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WINTER SPORTS AT GERARDMER

FREQUENT FÊTES AND COMPETITIONS ARE ORGANISED EVERY YEAR

ALTHOUGH the Summer Season at Gerardmer is very pleasant and presents many features of interest, the Winter Season is no less attractive. Its situation at the foot of mountains, with easy summits and gentle slopes with an altitude of between 2,000 and 4,300 feet, makes Gerardmer a natural centre for Winter Sports. There are frequent snowfalls and sharp frosts, but the air is dry and healthy through the period from the end of December to the end of March.

The tracks and skating rinks are at the very gates of the town. Every sport can be indulged in on the same day; SKI-ING, LUGEING, BOB-SLEIGHING, SKIJOR-ING, SKATING, ICE-BOATING.

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WINTER FINDS AN EXCUSE-

for its existence in Winter Sports. In those lovely lands devoted to winter sports, winter is transformed from a liability to an asset. To help their clients make the most of winter's opportunities, Cook's publish comprehensive handbooks, called

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(*a*) In Switzerland. (*b*) In Many Lands

They contain not only detailed information about the chief resorts and hotels, routes and fares, but practical advice on outfits, etc. They also give inclusive quotations for visits to all the best resorts.

INITIATION PARTIES

For the inexperienced, Cook's are again arranging initiation parties, which have proved an unqualified success in past seasons. Each party is accompanied by a host and hostess, and expert instruction in ski-ing and all other forms of winter sport, is given.
16 days, £23, inclusive cost

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Cook's have made arrangements at Kandersteg for two hostels to be reserved. A hostess will be in residence at the ladies' hostel, and a host at the men's hostel. See separate leaflets for particulars.
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The leaflets and handbooks mentioned above are obtainable free from any office of—

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& WAGONS-LITS Co
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Offices throughout London & the Provinces

Ski-Heil!

(Continued from page 294)

on a toboggan. And the number of people who are taking their holidays in the winter are increasing every year. They know that the medicine of the Swiss mountains lessens their own doctors' bills enormously. They know that they can get a tan that even the Bahamas will not convey. They know the horse's appetite and the child's sleep which they acquire in the High Alps. They know the camaraderie of the Nursery slopes and the thrill of the swift descent down ice-run or mountain side. They know that, while others shiver in the cold damp of London, they will be overcoatless, care-free, sunburnt, laughing, flirting, magnificently hungry—and at what a price! There is a place—in Austria, admittedly—which involves the extra railway fare—where you can stay for two and a-half guineas a week this winter, gold standard or no gold standard. As for Switzerland, you can have a week's holiday at the leading hotel and a return fare inclusive for £17 10s. at Maloja, £14 at Morgins and Wengen, £15 at Mürren, Adelboden, Arosa, Grindelwald, £16 at Klosters, Scheidegg, Davos, Andermatt and Zermatt, £20 at St. Moritz, and the rest in proportion, with an average extra of a fiver or so for a further week.

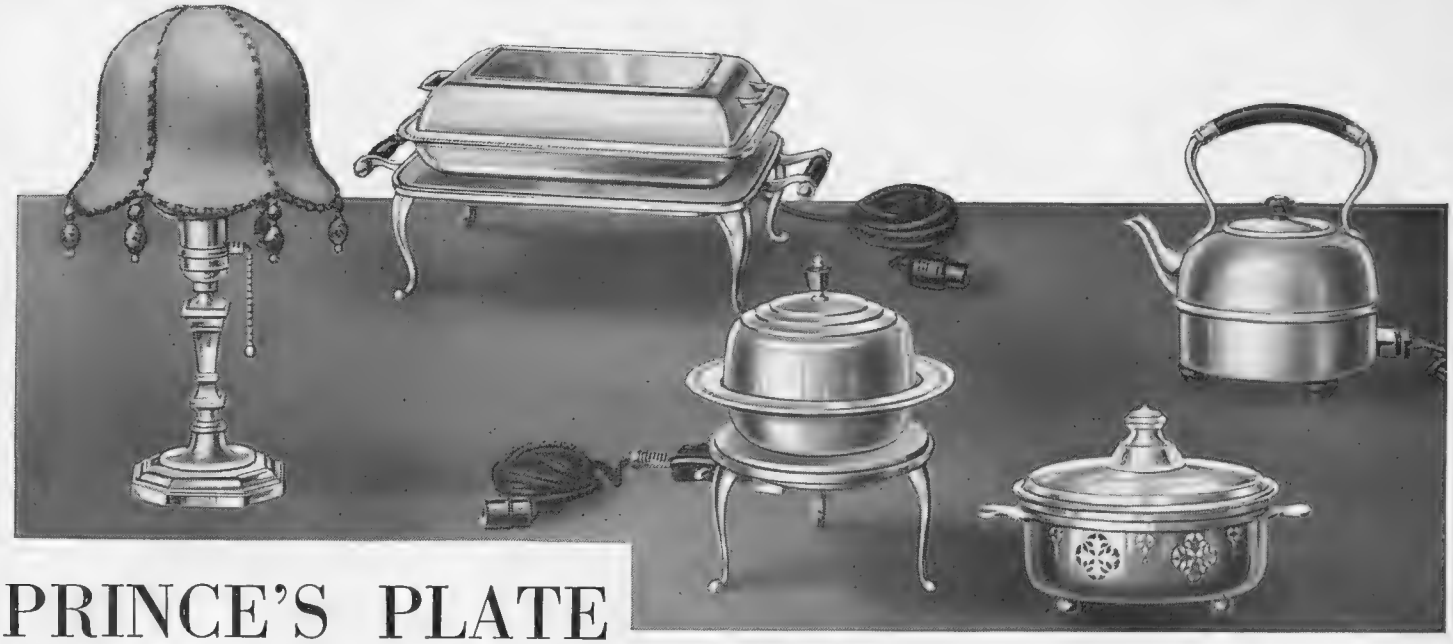
A general view of the bob-run and one of the ski-ing slopes at Superbagnères, showing a bob-sleigh speeding on its rapid downward course and a ski-er persistent on his not-so-rapid upward one

Money and the price of things is a sordid subject, but in these hard times one has to be practical, and if anyone knows of a better way of spending seventeen pounds on a good time, which is also an investment against ill-health, I will be hurt if I am not told about it. Because if there is, for all these years I must have missed something truly remarkable, but I doubt if I have. I don't miss much. Ski heil!

SWITZERLAND is expecting a big season during this winter, and there are certain to be a lot of people who will go winter-sporting this year who held off last year, if not because of the changeable £, at least because it was unpatriotic to go abroad.

Since 1930-31, a number of new hotels have been started, and the old-established favourites have thought up some new things, too: arrangements for the entertainment and convenience of their clients in connection with the sports themselves and the bob-runs, ice-rinks and ski-ing slopes, and also new attractions for the brilliant evening galas, dances and fancy-dress affairs, which are such a big part of a Swiss holiday.

THOS. COOK AND SON have issued a handbook called "Winter Sports" which is full of invaluable information for those who have not yet made all their plans. It describes all the new arrangements, including the sports hostels, and gives details of the various resorts, well known and less well known, their hotels, altitude, and so on. Particulars are also given of the initiation parties, which have been run so successfully in previous years, and are to be continued. The handbook, which is full of illustrations, may be obtained from any of Cook's Offices, and *must* be included in everyone's holiday-plan literature.



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GIFTS THAT LAST A LIFETIME.

This year's selection of Gifts at Mappin & Webb's—the Silver Specialists—has never been excelled for value or variety. A visit of inspection is welcomed or a Catalogue will be gladly sent.

Prince's Plate Electric Lamp	£3 : 3 : 0
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" " 11" long	£3 : 12 : 6
Electric Heating Stand 11" long	£3 : 10 : 0
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Round Electric Heating Stand 6" diam.	£2 : 10 : 0
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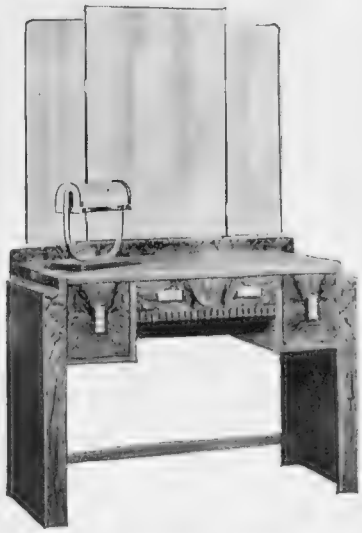

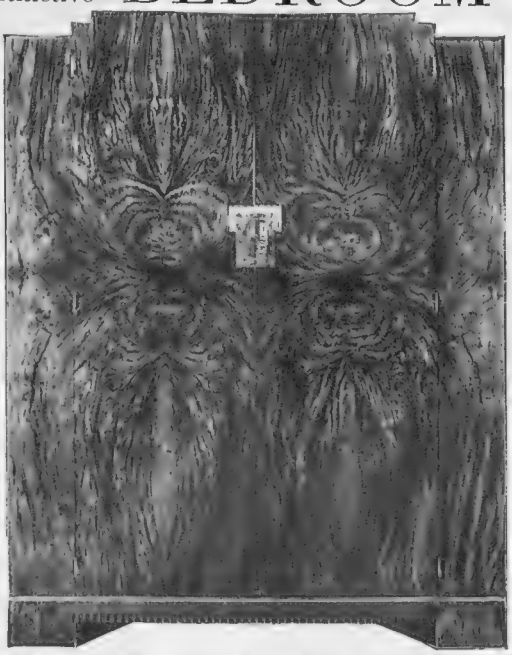

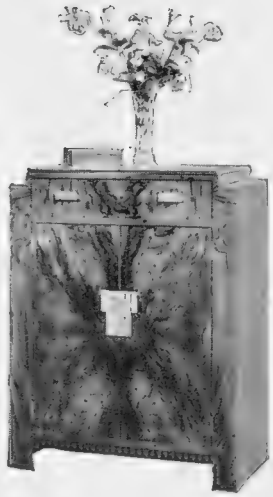

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The Gentle Art of being Beautiful: By "Maquillage"

"COIFFURIAL ART."

The evolution of modern hair-dressing has introduced the "Plastic" coiffure.

FASHION to-day is pre-eminently a matter of line and form, and it is a natural development that the shape of our heads should be as important as the position of our waists.

Besides, the prevalent little caps and tilted hats have made it imperative that hair should not only be perfectly dressed, but that it will remain so. There is no "cover" for recalcitrant wisps, and no smart woman could risk going out with her hair beautifully arranged but with the anxiety that a gust of wind or a shower of rain would reduce her appearance to that of a film star during the "downfall" sequences of her picture.

HAPPILY such a tragedy is unnecessary. By his new plastic hairdressing, M. Vasco not only gives his clients an individually becoming coiffure, with the supple waves and flat curls so deliciously in keeping with the coquettish millinery of the moment, but ensures that it will "stay put" until the moment arrives for another shampoo and setting.

The method is an ingenious one: each curl and wave is separately treated, shaped and set, so that no matter how it is disarranged or how often it is combed, every tress falls naturally back into its appointed place. This plastic hair-cutting and setting may be said to be

tenacious and jealous of its own decorative and important position in the world.

THE hairdressers working in M. Vasco's salons in Dover Street are all experts in this special method of hairdressing, which has had awards of honour at Continental concours.

To achieve these desirable results it is, of course, necessary to have either naturally curly or permanently waved hair, but this is practically a sine qua non with the modern woman, and one cannot but rejoice at the much higher standard of hairdressing that has become universal. Every woman's and even a young girl's budget includes an allotment for the hairdresser's account, and it is money well spent, for the effect of the smartest frock and hat is spoiled by an unkempt head, while a chic head will confer cachet on the wearer of even an inexpensive gown.

THOSE who have not achieved the perfect coiffure would be well advised to consult M. Vasco. He will help them to select from a variety of styles which he has evolved. He has an artist's interest and pride in his work, and all his clients receive individual consideration, not only of their type, but their personal preferences in the matter of hairdressing, while the ultimate result of surrender to his original plastic method is an immaculate, soigné and flattering coiffure.

The Doggy World

Dogs in India: By Lady Kitty Ritson

I AM asked so often which is the best breed of dog to take to India and other hot climates, and, really, there is a larger choice than most people imagine. The white man's dog in India is a very well cared for animal, as he has a dog-boy to himself and he does not suffer from the climate (unless it is one of the very worst stations) if he is rationally treated. No dog goes out in the heat of the day, and the evenings and the mornings are comparatively pleasant.

I myself kept Pomeranians, terriers, and various nondescript dogs, and although the Pom did not grow a good undercoat, he was perfectly happy and healthy, and returned to England, where he lived to a ripe old age. Smooth fox-terriers are ideal, and do very well indeed, so do smooth-haired dachshunds, although I think perhaps that the best of all the breeds is a bull-terrier. He seems to suit the environment and to resist the heat better than any of the others. Alsatians lose most of their undercoat, but keep healthy, but I have seen some tragedies in the matter of bulldogs and other short-nosed breeds.

IN one of the worst stations of all (it was known colloquially as "Hell's Gate"), I kept a "pi" dog, and she was a great success. I got her as a small fluffy puppy, and she did not develop into anything monstrous in the way of looks, and she was extremely hardy and quite marvellously faithful. She was intelligent and sensible, and I grew very fond of her, and, of course, she was not affected by the heat. In some of these stations I would far rather keep a "pi" dog than see a European dog suffer. It may be argued that if a person can stand the heat, so can a dog, but one must remember that a human being has the advantage of being able to perspire freely, and this is denied to a dog.

Three Winners

Lady Fowler, with Burthistle, Bambine and Moonrise of Braemar, who all took prizes at the recent King Charles Spaniel Club's Show

The bugbear of rabies is a good deal exaggerated by people who imagine that mad dogs stalk the streets day and night. I lived in India for seven years, and only saw one mad dog, and for a year I was in Quetta, where rabies was supposed to be very prevalent. It is important to keep your dog in your bungalow during the day time, so that you can keep an eye on him, and then there is no reason for his contracting rabies without your knowledge. I think that in the hill stations leopards are a much more serious source of danger than mad dogs, for they nip out suddenly and carry off a dog without the owner being able to do anything.

I DO not think that a dog contracts more diseases in India than elsewhere, unless you call fleas a disease. They are, truly enough, often a plague. But the dog-boy should go over his charge carefully every day, and in this way they can be kept down. I always used an infusion of quassia chips, and found it very useful.

Remember that an imported dog can get sunstroke as easily as a human being, so don't allow your dog to lie in the sun. If necessary, tie him up in the bungalow. The same remedies are useful out there as here, and the only difference I made was in giving cooked meat instead of raw, as one is not certain of the quality.

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and reflect whether your hair is as nice as you would wish it to be. You can have lovely hair by applying a little ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL to the scalp every day, rubbing it well into the roots; this will promote the growth, keep your hair in perfect condition and impart to it a beautiful glossiness.

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Pheasants on King Edward's Birthday: By Max Baker

THIS article appears on a day which is noteworthy not only for the Lord Mayor's Show, but as being the birthday of King Edward VII. That anniversary has always been especially associated with the time when big pheasant shoots are held. The birthday party at Sandringham opened the season of big shoots of a type which our late King did more than any other to establish as a national habit. Happily the tradition remains in good keeping.

In good seasons and in bad the pheasant can always be relied upon to furnish sport, having by now reached perfection, as have the coverts for the purposes in view. So long as woods and plantations receive a tithe of the care devoted to the upbringing and protection of birds, all is well. Begrudge that care or ignorantly withhold it and the best of plans fail, puzzling all except those who have studied the science of pheasant flight.

The first and fundamental rule is that you can't drive birds unless they have somewhere to go to; the second, that they must be unaware of any obstacle in the course they tend naturally to take. The last is where so many coverts defeat the intentions of all concerned. Few people adequately realise that the moment disturbers enter one end of a wood its denizens run swiftly to the far extremity and, unseen, peer out from its margin to make sure the coast is clear. They find it far from clear, and turning back to other outlets, find all effectively sealed. The sole resource is squatting, to end in due course in a disappointing flush, with a big proportion breaking back and a number mysteriously evaporated.

THE prime corrective influence is a woodland extremity impervious to vision, such as results from removing the high trees and leaving the scrub to grow vigorously into a dense thicket a dozen feet high, making a cosy interior, and hiding the shooters. Back of the dense thicket should be a clear space some yards wide and then the true covert edge, securely bounded by wire netting. This puts a limit to forward running. Provided that inside the netting is nice taking-off ground, with sky-view in the desired line of flight, pheasants will get up freely, climb to a good height and fly boldly to their intended destination. Where tree belts and natural features of ground assist, really high birds reward the care taken.

A group at Careston Castle, Angus, whose combined ages are 540, the average being nearly 76. In front, Lord Southesk, Mr. W. Shaw Adamson of Careston Castle, Major D. Lindsay Carnegie; behind, Sir Lancelot Carnegie, Mr. Playfair, Col. Stuart Fotheringham, and Capt. Burn

IN this epoch of shooting schools, where every man has an opportunity to take high honours in marksmanship, the sport available should be brilliantly shown. What is the use of guns balanced to a liveliness that never before existed if the mark presented is not in harmony, and the efforts of the keeper are frustrated by neglect of forestry? Once sound principles have been grasped, the signs and symptoms of unarranged covert sides should impress themselves on the attention.

Nobody is likely to overlook the modern refinements in guns and cartridges. For many years there was an unseen obstacle that prevented the making of new guns to behave like well-worn and much-used old ones. When the obstacle had been defined as unnecessary inches at the muzzle its removal made changes possible that did much more than imitate worn barrels. The change introduced the scientific result of charge delivery at a higher elevation—for the first time the shot travelled along the line of aim in place of its previous habit of dipping below it. Most misses used to be under, now they are limited to errors of aim or allowance.

WE know by the advertising process of infinite repetition that a good gun deserves a good cartridge. Equally, I say, it deserves a good bird, as good in the air as on the ground. Years ago they used to build the grouse butts on the ridges, now they are situated in the dips. When will the equivalent transformation be applied by arboricultural methods to pheasant coverts?

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Greyhound Racing: By "White Citizen"

It is said that it is impossible in this world for two people to be absolutely, identically alike. The nearest approach, I suppose, that can be reached is in the case of twins, or—even more remarkable—two people who are doubles of each other although they may be no relation. I believe it is a well-known fact that parents have actually made the mistake of taking a perfect stranger for their own son or daughter, and it is reasonable to suppose that somebody who did not know the individual so well, would, of course, make the mistake even more easily. The Sûreté, which is the Scotland Yard of Paris, in fact of France, says that, by the Bertillon system, two people, no matter how alike to the eye, can always be proved to be different in some characteristics, and for the ordinary human person who has not got the advantages of the Paris Sûreté to aid him there is no question about it at all that two people, although identical, can be differentiated by their different characters.

Now all this preamble may seem to be very far divorced from greyhound racing, but the point I am making this week is that there have been certain cases of greyhounds having been stolen from their training kennels; and these thefts have received a publicity quite out of proportion to the news value, or so it seems to me. This is, no doubt, just one more proof of the tremendous popularity with the general public which greyhound racing has achieved for itself in such a very short time. But the general public is not acquainted at present with those precautions which are taken and the means which are available for the protection of greyhounds; and individuals may have thought to themselves: "By Jove, I don't know that this is a great catch—owning greyhounds—because what 's going to happen supposing somebody walks away with my dog?"

Well, the answer to that is perfectly simple. They have at the National Greyhound Racing Club a system of indexing which is actually in every way similar to the Bertillon system in Paris, the system used by the French police, and no greyhound can ever make an appearance again on any other track and get away with it if it is stolen. There is, in fact, no such thing as greyhound impersonation. In all the cases where a greyhound has been stolen and run by the thieves on unlicensed tracks, even though they have painted or dyed the greyhound to appear something very different in colour, the thieves have been found out and the dog returned to its owner. The care which is taken not only of the dogs themselves, but to make sure that they really *are* the dogs that they are being made out to be—in other words, the care which is taken to protect the greyhound racing public—is enormous, and foolproof on all licensed tracks, and in some future article I hope to deal with it in detail. But for the moment let any prospective owner of greyhounds realise that he is protected up to the hilt, and that he need fear no theft unless the thieves want a valuable dog as a pet. If they do, then there are many more easy methods of satisfying their whim than by taking them from greyhound racing kennels.

How the flood-lit track at the White City looks from inside the Club

The Editor's Box

Questions and Answers

What would England be, even in this age of motors and aeroplanes, without the horse? What would our summer be without its polo and race meetings, and its coaches drawing up at the Berkeley of a fine evening? And what could redeem the fogs and gloom of the winter but hunting, and the biting days of our reluctant spring but point-to-points and steeplechase meetings?

There are no answers to any of these questions, but, altering slightly the direction of our enquiries, we find that Messrs. George Parker and Sons, Ltd., have a ready answer to all questions, from any part of the world, about harness, saddles, horse-clothing, and riding-equipment generally; they have been answering questions on these subjects with great success for the last eighty-one years. Now, owing to a rebuilding scheme, they are changing their premises from 17-19, Upper St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2, where they have been since 1851, to 12, Upper St. Martin's Lane. Here even more spacious accommodation is reserved, not only for the accoutrements of polo, military manœuvres, hunting, racing, and farming, which have made the name of the firm famous, but for the huge second-hand stock of these things which has brought them grateful clients.

Many names on their books have been there for several generations, and an account with "Parker's" will be handed down from father to son as long as there is a horse-loving family left to appreciate the quality of the service and goods delivered by this firm.

The November Gramophone

As usual, looking at the new list of His Master's Voice gramophone records is a joy or a pain, according to your length of purse. If your purse is long, then there is plenty that you will feel you must have, but if it 's short, you will be sad there are so many good things you 'll have to miss. H.M.V.'s "big stuff" for November includes Beethoven's Eighth Symphony and Chopin's Funeral March, both by the B.B.C Orchestra, and some fine mass band pieces, recorded at the Crystal Palace National Band Festival: the "Hallelujah Chorus" and "Abide With Me" will be two of the most popular. The New Symphony and the Berlin State Opera Orchestras have both made new records.

The more frivolous end of the list contains, among others, "Underneath the Arches," by Gracie Fields, Richard Crooks singing "Gypsy Moon," and some attractive dance tunes; "Love is the Sweetest Thing," "Rock Your Cares Away," "Pray for the Lights to Go Out," and two "Wild Violets" numbers are among the best.

The Gourmet: Conducted by Emilia

SAVOURIES

Devilled Prawns

Allow about five prawns for each person. Shell them, and make a mixture of the following ingredients: Melt some butter, season it with a very little salt, a small quantity of made mustard, and a dash of cayenne. Pour this over the prawns and fry; serve on little croûtes of fried bread or buttered toast, *very hot*.

Oyster Toast

Mince very finely one anchovy, have ready a score of oysters, remove the beards, and chop them small. Mix the anchovy and oysters together. Put them into a saucepan with two tablespoonsful of cream, add a little cayenne, and when heated through, spread on small rounds of buttered toast and serve.

Tomato Timbale

Boil ½-lb. of macaroni till tender, strain it, and cut into lengths which will fit a plain round mould; line the mould with it, arranging the top by bending the macaroni in a spiral form. Fill this mould with a mixture made of 1 lb. of tomatoes, 1 lb. of mushrooms, and ¼ lb. of grated cheese, all pounded together with 4 oz. of butter and the yolk of an egg; season with a little salt and cayenne. Put a paper round the mould, and steam for one hour. Turn out and serve with a thick gravy or tomato sauce round. This makes an excellent luncheon dish.

Eggs with Oyster Sauce

Scald ten oysters in their own liquid, then take them out and cut them up small. Melt one tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, and stir in gradually two tablespoonsful of flour. Next stir in a cup and a half of milk and the oyster liquor, and season with salt, pepper, half a teaspoonful of lemon-juice, and one tablespoonful of grated cheese. Let it boil until it begins to thicken. Poach six eggs and lay on rounds of toast in a shallow baking-dish. Pour the sauce over them, sprinkling a little grated cheese on the top, and put the dish in a hot oven for a few minutes.

Canapés of Grated Ham

Mix a little made mustard with some butter, and spread neatly on some slices of bread, grate some lean cooked ham, and spread on the top of the butter, rub the hard-boiled yolk of an egg, through a wire sieve on the top of the ham, divide into small fingers, and serve.

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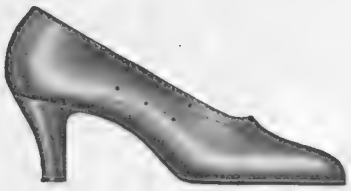

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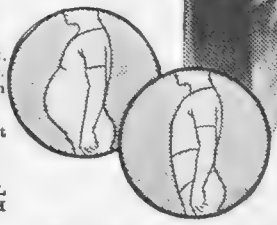

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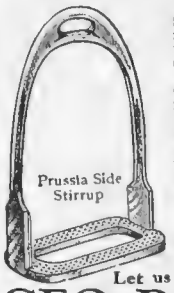

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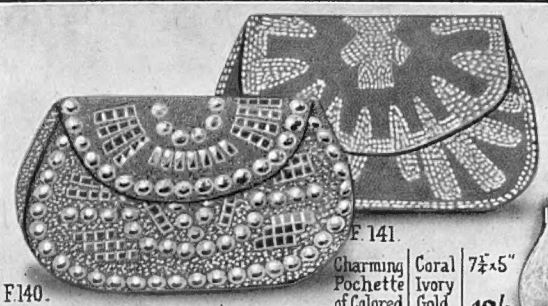
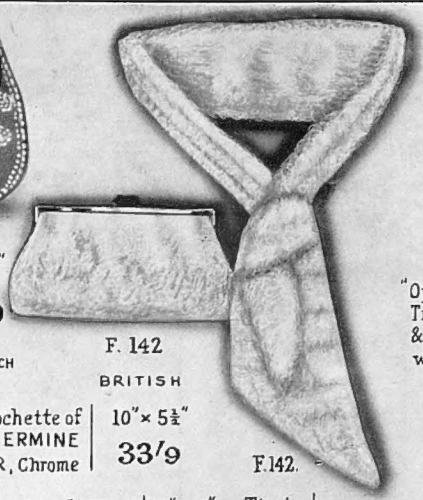


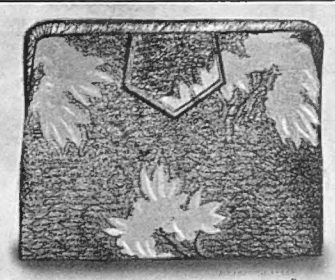
F.140. Pochette of Steel Beads with Chrome Studs – Delightfully Soft and Supple – 7¼" × 5" 29/6 FRENCH

F.141. Charming Pochette of Colored Beads, with Bugles to Tone – Coral Ivory Gold Silver Green Black 7½" × 5" 12/9 FRENCH

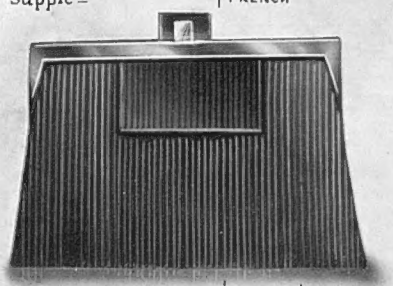


F. 142 BRITISH

F.142. – Pochette of WHITE ERMINE VELOUR, Chrome Mount – A Smaller Model Can be had 10" × 5½" 33/9 White Brown Grey 9½" × 4½" 21/9 Tie to Match 22/6

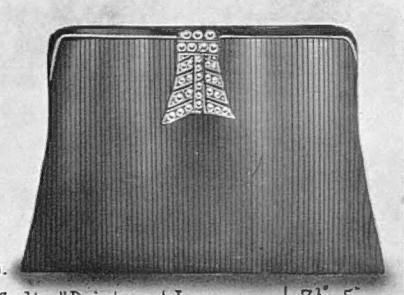


F.143. "Opera" Pochette in Handsome Tinsel Brocade, Shading Gold & Beige & Black, Lined Satin with Central Purse Division. 8" × 6¼" 49/6 BRITISH

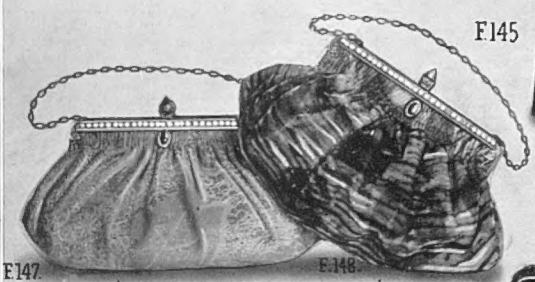


F.144. Elegant Afternoon Pochette, Soft Ottoman Velvet, Black & Chrome Frame – Black Wine Brown 8¼" × 5½" 29/6 BRITISH

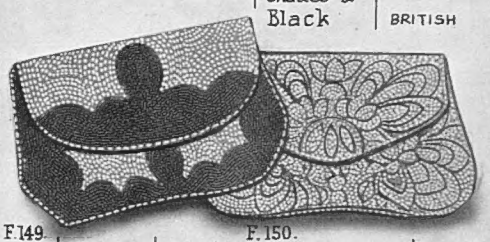
F.145 Handsome Bag of Black Velvet, with Latest Motif of Real River Pearls and Macassite, Mounted Silver, Lined Oyster Satin. Has Central Division for Money. 8" × 6" Price £6.19.6 BRITISH



F.146. The "Carlton" Dainty Evening Pochette of Plissé Crepe-de-Chene Mount of Parisian Paste Ivory Flesh Soft Pink & All Evening Shades & Black 7½" × 5" 21/- BRITISH



F.147. Evening Sac Almond & Gold Panne Velvet – Ormolu Frame Pearl & Jade Cabochon – F.148. Pink & Grey & Gold Tinsel Brocade – Frame of Old Gilt, Cornelian and Pearl –



F.149. White Bead Vagabond – Gold Border Silver " 6" × 4" 10/9 FRENCH

F.150. White Bead – Silver Outline all over. Also with Gold 6" × 3¾" 12/9 FRENCH

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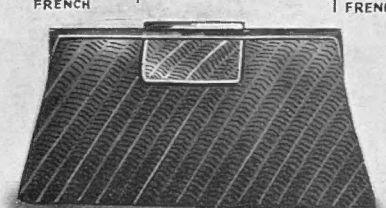
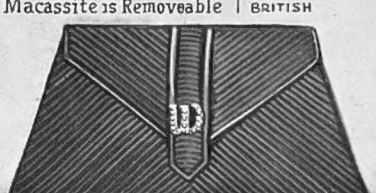
F.152 Tailored Pochette of Finest Black Marocain, Lined Pearl Grey Satin with Paris Mount of Black & White (Can be had in Brown) 8" × 6½" 59/6 BRITISH

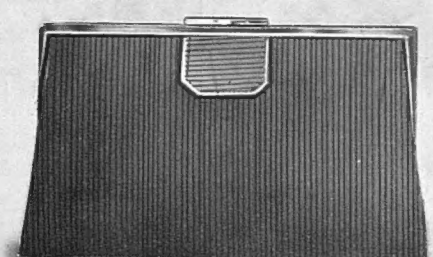


F.153 Smart Pochette in Crepe-de-Chene Design of Fancy Pleating in Oblique Lines – Fitted Purse Division – Nigger or Black 9½ × 5½" 29/6 BRITISH



F.154. The Initial Pochette, Plisse Crepe-de-Chene, Lined Moiré, fitted Purse & Mirror. Black or Nigger Every Initial Macassite (Silver) 9½" × 5½" 25/9 BRITISH

F.155. The "Trottiere" Pochette Black Marocain Elegantly Tailored, Lined Oyster Satin. Has Antique Paste Motif Special Quality 9" × 5½" 45/9



F.156. Pochette, Smart New Homespun, Elegantly Cut, Top Opening Lined Linen, Inside Purse and Mirror – Beige Brown Nigger Navy And 8 other shades to match the Suit. 9½" × 5½" 21/-

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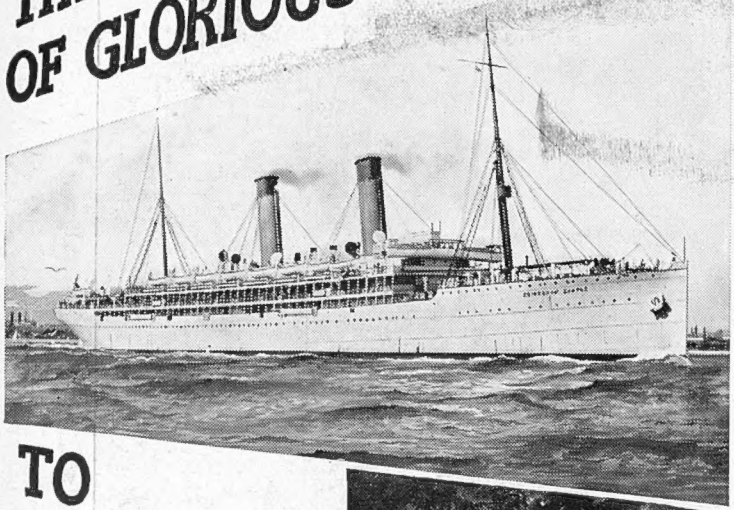

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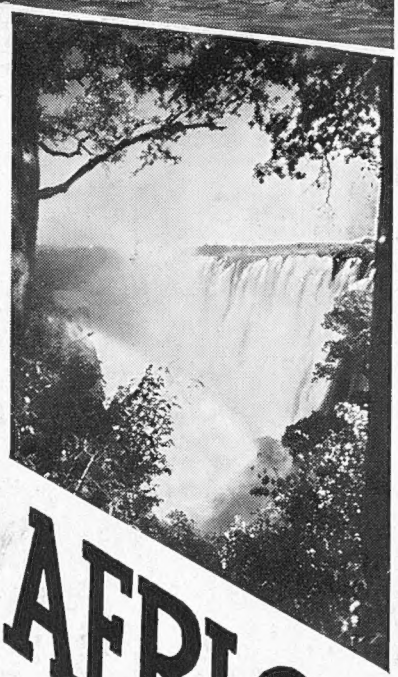

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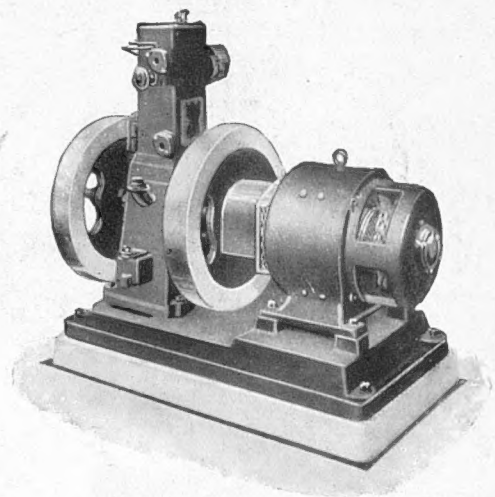

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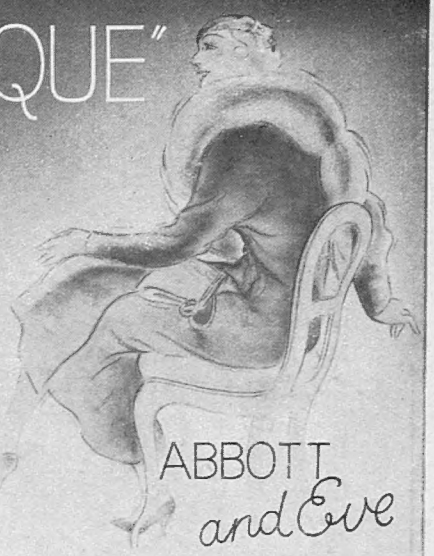

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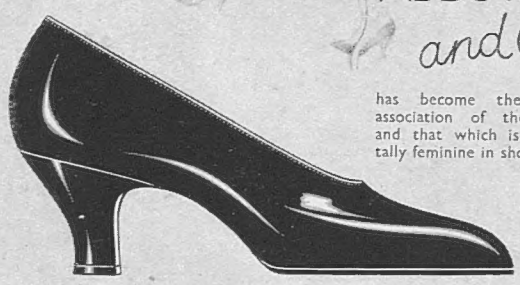

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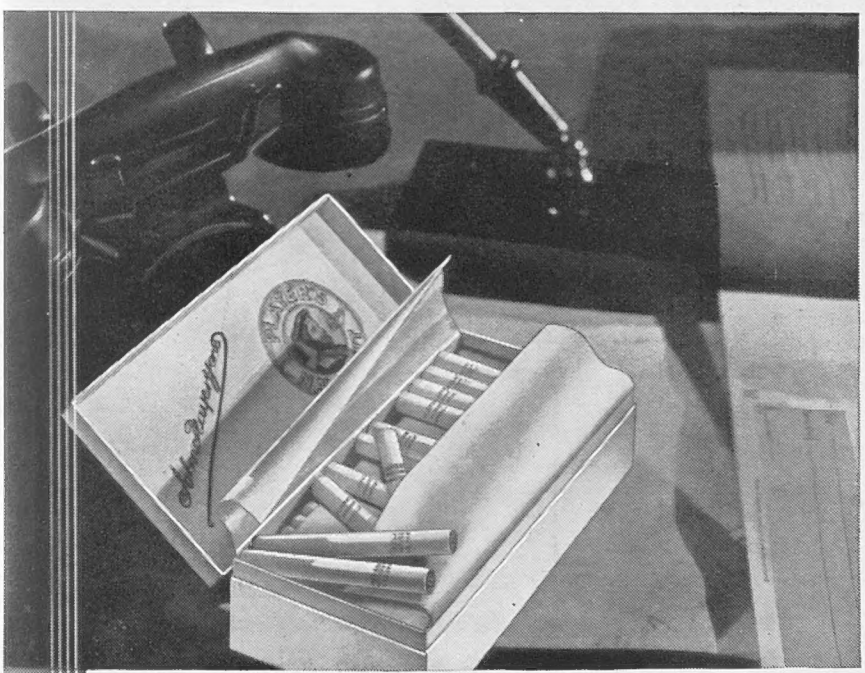

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